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# CATHOLIC RECORD.

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## THE MISSION TO THE COLORED PEOPLE.

A DOCUMENT.

EARLY in the year 1845, as I was wending my way to the private apartments of the Rev. Father John Roothaan, General of the Company of Jesus, I overtook Rev. Father Villefort, private secretary to his Paternity, and the lamented Dr. James Ryder, S. J., mounting the same stairs. At my approach both fathers turned, and the former greeting and pointing to me said: "That's the man!" Whereupon, after being duly introduced to the American missionary, I was told that the Father was in search of young men who would accompany him to the United States. At that time I enjoyed the great happiness and high honor of being a soldier of the same glorious company; and, strange to say, the purpose of my errand to the General was to conclude arrangements for my departure for the Mission of Calcutta, to which I had been appointed. After proper explanations and a clear statement of matters and things, I acknowledged the finger of God in the apparently casual interview, and authorized the Doctor to give my name to the General, as first in the list of his recruits. Father Roothaan approved the change of destination, and from that moment I became a kind of secretary and general agent for the American Father. He subsequently made an excursion to Naples, where he recruited several young companions, among them the venerable Father A. M. Paresce, since Superior of the Maryland Prov. S. J., founder and rector of Woodstock College, truly a seat of learning, and the great nursery of Jesuits in the United States; Fathers C. Vicinanza, for the last twenty-three years a missionary in the lower counties of Maryland; L. Vigilante, late of New Mexico, and Eugene Vetromile, the learned and zealous Indian Missionary of Maine. In Rome he secured the services of Rev. Fathers A. Ciampi and B. Pacciarini.

It seems that on his departure for Rome, the lamented Dr. Reynolds, of Charleston, S. C., had earnestly recommended to Father Ryder to procure some zealous priest who would devote himself to the care of

the negroes in his diocese. The scholastic last named in the above list was suggested as *the* man for that mission. Self-denying, zealous, very pious, and endowed with an enduring frame, and a stock of common sense above the average, Basil Pacciarini, then in his twenty-eighth year, and a student of divinity, was the chosen one. He went to work at once girding his loins with the armor of prayer and penance, and getting a large supply of such articles as he thought would captivate the mind of his future wards. Rev. George Blackney, since dead (A.D. 1854), in New Orleans, La. (æt. 37), a young Irish Jesuit, of extraordinary gifts, strove his best to be detailed for the same post, but his hour had not yet come.

Father Pacciarini consented most readily; and, surely, he had given an earnest of his adaptedness to the work in the tender zeal which he had always displayed whilst teaching catechism, and showing a preference for the poorest of the poor.

However, for reasons which it is not necessary here to state, the mission was not then undertaken, and Father Pacciarini had to content himself with the cultivation of other fields. The Federal troops stationed at Point Lookout, St. Mary's, Md., where during the late civil war a great depot of Confederate prisoners was established, and the ten thousand officers and privates confined there, to whom Father Basil ministered as a priest and as a father, will be witness to this day of his heroic devotedness and sublime piety.

After the choice of my poor self for the American mission had been resolved upon, Dr. Ryder called upon me to draw up the following memorial, which I wrote in Italian, under his Latin dictation, and was presented to Rev. Father Roothaan in May, 1845. Fortunately I have preserved the Italian copy, and here I give it dressed in English, for the first time; for when I wrote it first I was wholly unacquainted with that language.

I publish it, *first*, to show how the spirit of Blessed Claver has never ceased to breathe in the bosom of the Company of Jesus; *secondly*, as a proof of the interest which the Church has always felt in the welfare of the negro; and, *thirdly*, because its publication may prove of some interest, especially now, when an English prelate has been enabled to carry out the cherished plan of a distinguished and universally esteemed and beloved Jesuit, the pride of the American pulpit in his day, and an humble and zealous Apostle.

### The Memorial.

"In these days, when the Company of Jesus is ruthlessly exposed to so many trials in the Old World, as to endanger its very existence,* God in his providence has opened to it a safe haven in the New. The several governments of South America are earnestly beseeching† the rehabilitation of that body, which in former days had with such devoted generosity brought back to Chili, Peru, and Paraguay, the happiness of primitive Christianity; a body of men who, by their success, had repelled the calumnies hurled against the Church of God, and, by the grandeur of the monuments raised amongst

* The question of the existence of the Jesuits in Switzerland was then hotly debated. The government of Berne wanted the General to withdraw them. The General refused (although the members of his company were cruelly harassed), for the reason, and a stringent one, that the withdrawal of the Jesuits would be the signal of a persecution and ostracism of all religious orders. The Jesuits were finally expelled, and the religious orders, with bishops and priests at their head, followed in the wake. Louis Philippe had inaugurated a new era of persecution in France. The history of the trials under Clement XIV was repeating itself. I have it from the very best authority that the subsequent appointment of Rev. J. B. Miege, S. J., to the apostolic vicariate of Kansas, was made in view of the apprehended general ostracism of the Jesuits from Europe, that an asylum might be opened for them in those remote missionary regions.

† The minister from New Granada was most persevering in his instances. The notorious Charles Passaglia (then a star of his order) was at the head of the list of such Jesuits as were asked for by that government. Father Roothaan told the writer, with a puzzling smile, that Father Passaglia was required for the particular purpose of establishing a *Chair of Botany.*

those nations, had given additional proof of the undying vitality and divine origin of that same Church.

"In the United States of North America the widest field is open to the same Company. Therein its members will have the amplest scope to their highest and holiest ambition; therein the sown seed will far better, peradventure, than in other soils, take, grow, and give fruits, ripening in the healthiest maturity, and reproducing themselves ever more robust and fair, with the growth of a republic full of life and vigor.

"But, unhappily, not many in Europe do perceive, or appreciate as it behooves, the importance and advantage whereby proper means would speedily give existence and durability to Catholic institutions in the United States. Let then the wide-awake attention of the Company be drawn to those distant shores, so that a portion, at least, of its zeal, so profusely spent in many lands, with a success not wholly adequate to its intensity and generous efforts, be devoted to fields where it cannot but prove successful, and where the wonders of its ancient name can be surely perpetuated.

"The United States government embraces *twenty-nine* (A.D. 1845) States, sovereign and independent, yet covenanted in one confederation, with a population of twenty millions, spread over an area by far larger than the whole of Europe. The fundamental principles of the general Constitution guarantee freedom to every worship, and to the education of youth; the character of the people is reflective, inquiring, and sagacious; and at this moment there exists amongst all classes a desire to know thoroughly the nature and tendency of Catholic institutions, and this investigating disposition has already been the source of happy results. But the scantiness of an American clergy thwarts the endeavors of the American mind, the diffusion of Christian knowledge is hampered, and consequently the progress of truth is retarded, where, in fact, there are no trammels in the way. The people are increasing and multiplying, but the Church does not increase her joy, nor are her domains dilating in proportion. The spirit of error overshadows everything, the souls of the rising generation are informed by such principles as are instilled into them by the numberless sects, marshalled by active and intriguing ministers, who swarm all over the country. In the meanwhile, Catholicity, which should reign supreme among such people, is comparatively unknown, or shamefully travestied and misrepresented. Nevertheless, in the teeth of such difficulties, and in spite of them, the cause of the true Church gains steadily—men and women of the highest standing in society, highly esteemed for the brilliancy of their mind, distinguished by education and position, wealth and name, swell the Catholic ranks, and with their personal influence supply in part the lamentable deficiency of legitimate ministers of the Word.

"The Catholics are a million and a half at the lowest; although politicians, who have of late taken an interest in the matter, reckon them at three millions two hundred thousand, with only seven hundred ministers of the Lord. Thus, even at the smallest calculation of one million and two hundred thousand, we have one priest for every two thousand Catholics, assuredly an unbearable charge, heavy even for apostolic shoulders, the more so as we must take into consideration the distances at which Catholics live from each other—eighty, ninety, one hundred and more miles. Yet they must be visited when sick, instructed in their duties, and comforted with the healing balm of religion!

"Then take from this number such as are employed in colleges or seminaries, or do not know the language, or are worn out by age and

infirmity, and it is clear that short of a miracle even the most urgent wants can hardly be attended to, whilst millions who sit by the road-side begging for the bread of life must needs be left uncared for.

"The Company of Jesus has already done much pioneer work, and fought the battles of the Lord in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. Leaving aside the Western missions, where the Jesuit missionary was the herald of both civilization and gospel, the above-named provinces will forever bear testimony to the apostolic deeds of those indefatigable laborers who first scattered the seed of Christianity amongst their inhabitants, even when galled, hunted, and martyred by the unceasing persecution of British tyranny. Sweet, indeed, and refreshing to the heart of the Jesuit is the knowledge that where within the last hundred years the indomitable energy of a Farmer, and Schneider, and Frambach, and Molineux roamed over hundreds of miles of pathless forests to carry the comforts of religion to a handful of Catholics widely scattered around, now (A.D. 1845) Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and New York count the children of the Faith by the tens of thousands. This wonderful development of faith is mainly due to the foresight and prudence of the Holy See, ever on the alert to found episcopal sees, around which priests gathered, congregations crowded, and as if by enchantment the Catholic Church cast strong roots, and prospered in most consoling results. This wise prevision should stimulate the Company of Jesus to aid the Holy See by increased efforts to strengthen its outposts, even at the sacrifice of other places, pitching new tents, and providing for the wants of the rising American church.

"The need mostly felt in the United States is education; thus the Company cannot mistake the lines of operations drawn and defined as the work for which she is detailed. If the training of youth is a specialty of her vocation everywhere, in no part of the world can she employ her strategic talents more successfully than in America. Catholics and non-Catholics look to the Jesuit for the light of classical and scientific education. In fact the appreciation of the Jesuit system on the part of non-Catholics may call for tokens of her gratitude. Amongst the alumni of our institutions the non-Catholic percentage is very large, and drawn from the elite of society. The last three honored chief magistrates of the Union have placed their children, and the children of their connections, under the training of Jesuit teachers at Georgetown; governors of States, senators, representatives, and ambassadors of foreign powers, have preferred and indorsed our system in preference to their own institutes of learning. These alumni attend the Christian instructions in our colleges and the Catholic worship, the same as the children of the faithful; many with their parents' approval enter the pale of Catholicity, and almost all leave our colleges with correct ideas of what the Catholic Church teaches, prejudices are done away with, and ever after the graduates remain steadfast friends and defenders of Mother Church. Hence the paramount importance of establishing new colleges and schools, as many arsenals of faith, and seminaries to train youth in morality, and religious schools and colleges can be opened in every important place, city or town, of the Union. But it should be our chief endeavor to compete, at least in equality of merit and efficiency, with the best non-Catholic institutions in the country.* The palm of efficiency in mathematics and natural sciences is generally allowed to Protestant schools, whilst in the department of

* In Rome the greatest anxiety was felt, lest the University of Georgetown, D. C., should be dimmed in her glory by the new foundation of the Smithsonian Institute.

classic literature the first place is fairly won by the Catholic. Accordingly, we need members skilful in teaching the exact sciences, and a well-regulated system must be adopted to gain the confidence of aspiring youth, up to the point of graduation. With a supply of apt scholars, such a system could be easily established. By such combined and energetic efforts the education of youth in that vast empire would be easily and speedily secured to the hands of Catholicity. The growing generation would be trained in Catholic doctrine, and the pupils, as it has been proven in many instances, would become apostles of the faith and teachers thereof before their parents.

"O let then the youthful teachers of our Italian schools, who are so well qualified for their important work, aspire to the honor of becoming heralds of the Cross in transatlantic colleges! Theirs will be the glory of propagating the domain of faith in the language of Greece and Rome, and strewing the path of religion in the West with the flowers of Parnassus. The science of the stars was the key that opened Chinese hearts, and the Company dispatched her Ricci and her Shalls to lead legions of a barbarous but noble nation to heaven. Botany, medicine, and music were the arms of the pioneers of the faith in the East and in Southern America. The soldiers of Loyola became botanists, physicians, and teachers of music, to gain the hearts of the infidels, and the leaders of blind people to walk by the light of Christianity.

"Shall we then prove less wise or less energetic than our sires in our zeal for the conversion of the United States? Science is the instrument of faith to gain the American, and the Company of Jesus would prove unequal to its grand institution did its members neglect the use of this powerful weapon. The United States of North America are this day the leaders of all other names in the litany of nations, and their bearing on the interests of religion is far more important than the former influence of China or all Eastern peoples in their palmiest days. It is admitted that the United States are to-day (1845) the most flourishing in the family of nations. They have attained a civilization not surpassed by that of Europe, with all the perfection of fine arts, and with the energy and vitality of a self-made people, conscious of its gigantic power and of its inexhaustible resources. They have taught England to respect them, even at the sacrifice of her national arrogance. France is jealous of their friendship. Austria, Prussia, Russia are kept in awe by their dignified and independent polity. China has opened her ports and marts of commerce to representatives of the United States, and granted privileges which England could not secure even after a nefarious and exterminating war. The harbors on the Pacific, as well as those of the Atlantic, Mediterranean, and inland seas are whitened with American sails, and the commerce of the whole globe is opened to the bold enterprise of American merchantmen.

"Let then North America be converted to the faith, and the world will feel the influence of its example! England will be shamed into an abolition of the humiliating restraint put on Catholics; France will be taught that liberty of conscience, which it sadly ignores in the enactment of its laws; Russia will not dare to wage war against a faith honored and worshipped in the United States; the American fleets will become a link between the East and the missionary harbingers of faith; the cross of Christ will command respect and veneration when carried aloft on the wings of the American eagle. No, no, this is not a flight of fancy; for whence does it come that American Protestant missionaries, of every sect and form, are found in every quarter of the globe, teaching pagan and

schismatic new phases of error, but because American commerce links the United States with all other regions of the earth, and because the credentials from officers of the American government embolden such emissaries of evil teachings?* An equal and far stronger influence would be exerted in behalf of Catholic missions were America once converted to the faith!

"Let then the Company of Jesus value its own position, value its sublime vocation, respond to the command of its founder, *Ite Inflammate Omnia*, point to its numerous followers in Europe, who are not wanting in the spirit of their fathers, the glorious work which Providence has in store for them—that is, the suppression of heresy, and the triumph of religion in the New World!

"But let not the purpose of this appeal be misunderstood. The consummation of this glorious grand work is not to be exclusively attained by men of science, literary men. The humble missionary, the modest catechist must be taken into copartnership. The aborigines of the land, narrowed down to the number of only three millions, claim the attention, the respect, and the interest, and the zeal of a Jesuit, and the work of their conversion will afford manifold opportunities for the exercise of the patience and the charity of an apostle.

"In the southern sections of our country, a vast field, strewn with thorns and contradictions, is opened to the zeal of the imitators of Peter Claver; a colored population, both *slaves* and free, to the number of three or four millions, is sunk, deeply steeped, in ignorance and vice. Thus far the Catholic missionaries have been debarred from the work of exclusively attending to their wants; the white people have necessarily claimed even the leisure hours of their serfs. Yet Methodists and other sectarians have enticed them into their conventicles, and have sunk them deeper and deeper into pits of error and perversity. The white man revolts at any idea of equality with the negro, even in the house of God; the negro must sit and kneel apart from the white man, confined to narrow and uncomfortable quarters. Hence few among them can enjoy the healthy influence of a divine worship, or profit by the instructions imparted to the whites. Again, in their crude and obtuse simplicity, and a capacity of mind rendered less competent of understanding by their very condition, they require appropriate instructions, conveyed in the simplest manner.

"These considerations have long preyed upon the mind of the apostolic and zealous Dr. Ignatius Reynolds, Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina, and long has he wished that a church were built and set apart for the exclusive attendance of his colored children. Conscious of the alacrity with which the members of the Company of Jesus endure and submit to any trial for the salvation of souls, he has entreated the superiors of the province of Maryland to undertake the thorny work of such a foundation. The province will accept the trust, and our very reverend Father General has already accepted the generous offer of one of the theological students of the Roman province. . . .

"May God grant us another Peter Claver. . . .

"What may be accomplished in the city of Charleston, where at least *fifteen thousand* negroes dwell, will be undertaken over the extent of that large diocese, where perhaps half a million of the colored race are living, and through other sections of the South.

"Thus will men of all colors be enrolled under the Standard of the Cross, and the very conversion of the colored man, besides the great

* The Reverend Consular Agent of President Grant, and his lady secretary, afford a peculiar illustration to this assertion.

glory it will render to God, will exert a powerful influence towards that of his Master."

The last sentence of the Memorial conveys a truth whereof the proofs could be sustained by many facts.

When the Memorial became known to the venerable inmates of the *Casa Professa*, and to the learned professors of the *Collegio Romano*, it became the theme of universal praise. The youthful students of philosophy and theology were fired with an ardent wish to cross the Atlantic. Petitions poured in to the General for the coveted boon of becoming the missionaries of America. But only eight were successful, all still living, with the exception of one who has since died, after halting and withdrawing his hand from the plough.

Perhaps never before such an ardent appeal was made; and surely a more eloquent one could not be made. A copy of it was presented to Pope Gregory XVI, and it is a well-known fact that the Holy Father encouraged Father Roothaan to do his utmost to furnish the American mission with a generous supply of youthful apostles.

It may be remarked that the subject of this Memorial is now devoid of interest, and it has lost its freshness. Not at all. The very movement inaugurated by Bishop Vaughan is but a realization of the hopes conceived more than a quarter of a century ago. It has been observed that there must have been a lack of judgment and zeal somewhere in this country, when a foreign prelate had to come to the rescue of those poor souls. With that we have nothing to do; we have nothing to say about it. But the publication of Dr. Ryder's eloquent appeal to his confrères in Europe, will go far to prove that there have not been wanting in America hearts burning with zeal for the welfare and sincere love of the forlorn negro, and I am warranted in saying that none would have entered upon the work of evangelizing the negro in the United States with more ardent earnestness and sincere pleasure than Father James Ryder himself. Those who have known him best will readily bear me out in my assertion.

Then is it not due to his memory and to the remembrance cherished of him by his surviving friends that this monument of his zeal should be made known? It is one of the few pieces of work by his mind and heart preserved. Let it be consigned to a tablet that will endure as long as American Catholic literature will last. *Collige fragmenta ne pereant.*

J. M. F.

## A LEGEND OF SAINT PATRICK.

GLEAMED the sunray, soft and yellow,
On the gentle plains of Meath,
Spring's low breezes, fresh and mellow,
Through the woods scarce seemed to breathe.
And on Tara, proud and olden,
Circled round with radiance fair,
Decked in splendor, bright and golden,
Sat the court of Laoghaire.

Chieftains with the fleasy* of glory,
And the coulin flowing free;
Priest and Brehon bent and hoary,
Soft-tongued bard and seanachie:
Silence filled the sunny ether,
Eager light in every eye,
As in banded rank together
Stranger forms approacheth nigh.

Tall and stately—white beards flowing
In bright streaks adown the breast—
Cheeks with summer beauty glowing,
Eyes of thoughtful holy rest.
And in front their saintly leader,
Patrick, walked with cross in hand;
Which, from Arran to Ben Edar,
Soon rose high above the land.

Silence filled the sunny ether,
Eager light in every eye,
As he told how he came thither
With a message from on high;
How he came to quench the fire
Of a dark faith overthrown;
And to bow the sons of Eire
To the one true God alone.

And he spoke until the shadows
Shifted round from south to east,
Till the music on the meadows
Of the roving bees had ceased;

* Anglice, collar; *coulin*, Anglice, long hair.

Till the breezes of the even
Wandered inland from the sea,
Still he told the laws of heaven,
And the glories yet to be.

On the Druid's brows was looming
Heavily a thickening cloud,
While a wild and thrilling humming
Rose up from the startled crowd;
Rose up still the gathered voices
Through the pasture-scented air,
And the heavenly court rejoices
As down kneeleth Dubtach there.

Then the king arose with malice
In his face from ear to ear,
"I am bearded at my palace
By this band of strangers here!
By the kingly soul of Niall,
Now I swear my blade will smite
Him who now declines the trial
Which will prove whose gods are right!

"As for me my path's before me,
'Tis the way our fathers trod—
Of the noble sire that bore me,
His brave god shall be my god;
*He*, the sun of war and glory,
Would *he* own a god of peace?
But ye've heard the stranger's story,
And those battling doubts must cease.

"Open wide yon low-roofed dwelling—
One of each must enter in;
Fire the roof—the blaze upswelling,
Let it scorch the heart of sin.
He who cometh forth unharmed,
To his god bend down the knee:"
Then the crowd, with pulses warmed,
Crieth forth: "So let it be!"

Like a maiden in her beauty
When her bridal dawn's awake:
"Father, let this be my duty,"
Thus the young Benignus spake;
"I have seen a loving vision,
I have heard low voices thrill—
Oh, it was the bright Elysian
Shadow of th' Almighty's will!"

"'Tis His call, my son," replieth
Patrick, with a holy smile;
"Thou the demon host defieth,
All their arts and fiendish guile.
Saviour," and he bent him lowly,
"Give him strength and give him grace
Now to prove Thy law is holy
To the boasting tempter's face."

On the rough beach of Ceanmara
Wildly rolls the Atlantic's swell,
So the breasts on princely Tara
Of the haughty priests of Bel—
"Change the white robes of the stranger
For the dress our priest has on;
Let no spell avert his danger,"
Thus they cried; and it was done.

Back fell the door, and they entered in,
The child of God and the man of sin;
Up ran the flames in a dreamy cloud
Before the eyes of the shuddering crowd.

And higher and higher, brighter and higher
Than the rosy blaze of that burning pyre,
The prayers of His saints to God arose
To blast the hopes of His daring foes.

Then the fire sank low in a gentle sleep,
And full in the midst of the blackened heap,
Benignus, untouched, was smiling fair,—
But where was the Druid? where? oh, where?

A shout like thunder now swept the sky,
"Our God is Patrick's—the God on high!"
'Twas echoed in heaven,—a fiendish yell
Sent a dark response from the caves of hell.

Thus Erin was saved, and the faith of God
Like sunlight flowed o'er her blushing sod;
Since then she has passed through storms of ill,
Yet that sunlit radiance is burning still!

# THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ARTICLE II.

## AN HISTORICAL QUESTION.

WHEN was the right of the Popes, already existing, to temporal sovereignty, formally and explicitly defined?

If it be true that facts are eloquent, our present paper should be a triumph of eloquence, inasmuch as it has to do with unimpeachable facts. In a former paper we reviewed many facts in the light of philosophy, which latter enabled us to arrive at the efficient cause of the same, and having known that, it was an easy task to arrive at the final cause. This was the gradual and imperceptible establishment of the Temporal Power of the Popes. Just because this establishment was gradual, was natural, because it did violence to no one, we concluded that it was the especial work of a loving Providence, which broods fondly over the destinies of the Church. We have seen that towards the establishment of this temporal independence, no man contributed voluntarily, and with a fixed purpose, but that human events were so disposed from the translation of the seat of the Empire from Rome to Constantinople, to the middle of the eighth century, that at this period the world became suddenly conscious that the Popes were sovereigns. Europe had already begun to feel the soothing, chastening influence of that element, which being at once human and divine, was the balancing power of Europe during the Middle Ages. In the present paper, it is not our purpose to analyze events, and to observe in them the ways of Providence, but to delve the events themselves in all their simplicity out of the mine of the past, and then we shall look at them merely as the effects of man's will; in a word, we shall look for the title-deeds of the temporal dominion of the Roman Pontiffs. For the better understanding of the question, it will not be supererogatory to follow the order of events, beginning where we terminated in our last paper. The events prior to the time of Pope Zachary fully establish the conclusion, that the Popes were sovereigns in everything but the name. Let us begin now with the reign of the first "Pope and King." Without stopping to refute the opinions of different authors, about the historical origin, we set forth our purpose in the form of a thesis. The temporal power of the Popes began formally in the year 754, during the Pontificate of Stephen II, who was, therefore, the first "Pope and King." A simple exposition of the events of that period will establish the conclusion. Pope Zachary died in the year 752, and was succeeded by Stephen I, who died four days after his election. Of the character of the new Pope, Stephen II, it is needless to speak. He is numbered by the Church in the catalogue of her saints, whence we conclude, that not the most insignificant glory of the temporal power of the Church, is the fact that the first sovereign were a saint.

King Astulph ruled Lombardy at that time, and he only awaited the death of Zachary to accomplish his darling project of seizing the province and capital of Rome. Stephen II began his relations with Astulph by sending two legates to him on a mission of peace. What with their eloquence and the magic power of rich presents, and, most of all, the threats of divine vengeance, if he

made war against the Church, the doughty warrior was induced to sign a treaty of peace for forty years. With all due respect for the antiquity of the sayings, "Punic faith," and "Greek faith," we may be permitted to observe that "Italian faith" is as suggestive of treachery and double-dealing as either of the sayings just cited. King Astulph, in his treaty of peace with Pope Stephen II, gives us a good specimen of Italian faith. He kept his promise for four months. He began his march on Rome by taking Spoleto. Here he organized three armies, one, at the head of which was Count Robert, he sent to lay waste the Sabine territory. A second, commanded by Grimwald, he sent to Civita Vecchia, which in those days was called Centocelle. The third army marched upon Terracina. Count Robert's army passed over the Sabine hills, where it marked its course by devastation, and met the Romans at the Ponte Salaro. A spirited engagement took place here, in which the Romans were defeated, and constrained to retreat within the walls. Reanimated by their holy Pontiff, they rushed out again, and completely routed the Lombards, who fled, leaving their leader among the slain. It was then that Astulph himself, at the head of six thousand Lombards, set out for Rome, nor did he halt until he reached Tivoli. The Romans were in dismay, for the reports of the ravages committed by the Lombards in the vicinity of Tivoli were anything but encouraging. Meanwhile, Stephen had sent legates to Constantine Copronimus, at Constantinople, imploring relief; "Deprecaus imperialem elementiam ut, juxta quod æi sæpins scripserat, cum exercitu ad tuendas has Italiæ partibus, modis omnibus adveniret, et de iniquitatis filii morsibus Romanam hauc urbem, vel (et) cunctam Italiam provinciam liberaret." Anastasius, in Stephano II. (Supplicating the Imperial clemency, that, as he had often written to him, he would by all means come with an army to defend these parts of Italy, and that he would liberate this city of Rome and the whole province of Italy from the jaws of the son of iniquity.) Here we would beg the reader to consider this fact well, and to note the circumstances thereof. They prove, to an evidence, how false is the assertion of many writers, who, with more hatred in their hearts than information in their minds, affirm, that the Popes, through ambition, brought about the fall of the Imperial power over the West in the eighth century. The Papal legates met with no success at the Byzantine court. They were told to seek aid from their more immediate neighbors. It was in this extremity that the holy Pontiff turned his gaze towards France, the only nation which, at that time, was capable of becoming the champion of the Church. England, though a land of saints, was too far away. Spain was struggling for life and liberty with the Saracens; while Germany had not as yet fully awoke from paganism and barbarism. Pepin the Short, son of Charles Martel, was at that time the glory of the Franks, whose influence had already begun to extend itself outside of their own frontiers. Pepin, therefore, because he was a warrior of indomitable courage, and a dutiful son of the Church besides, was well fitted to discharge the glorious mission about to be confided to him. The Pope, therefore, sent letters to the King of the Franks by some pilgrims who were going that way. The messenger of the Pope was well received, and the King forthwith sent two messengers, Rodigang and the Abbot Droctegang, to the Pope, who assured the latter, in the name of their King, that he was ready to aid the Pope in everything. He soon after sent another messenger, charged to communicate similar sentiments to the Pontiff. Beyond the

exchange of letters, nothing positive was effected. Stephen then resolved to go into France in person. Perhaps he was confirmed in this purpose by the arrival of an Imperial messenger, who begged the Pope to use his influence with Astulph to induce him to restore the province of Ravenna. Astulph had retired to Pavia, but his army was still ravaging the Roman province. The Pope asked and obtained from the King a safe conduct, and on the 14th of October, 753, he set out from Rome, accompanied by two envoys of the Frankish King, John Silentiarius, the ambassador from the Emperor, and a select member of the clergy. Before his arrival at Pavia, the Pope was met by a messenger from King Astulph, who informed him that in his interview with the King, he was strictly forbidden to mention anything about the restoration of Ravenna. The Pontiff, however, still loyal to the Byzantine Emperor, urged upon the King to give back the city and province of Ravenna, but to no purpose. He then signified his intention of going into France, and as some messengers from Pepin had already arrived at Pavia with the intention of escorting the Pontiff, King Astulph was forced to allow him to depart. As it was midwinter when he arrived in France, the King persuaded the Pope to remain until spring, promising, meanwhile, that he would undertake an expedition against the Lombards, and that he would grant to the Pope all the territory which in the fortune of war he would take from the Lombards. The Pope passed the winter in the Convent of St. Denis, in Paris. On the Octave of Easter Sunday, which, in the following spring of 754, fell upon the 14th of April, the King convoked a solemn diet of all the nobles, abbots, and bishops of France, at Quiersy, on the banks of the Oise. The Pope assisted at the Diet, and the following solemn and important document, which constitutes the title-deed of the temporal power of the Popes, was subscribed to by the King, nobles, abbots, and bishops. Before citing the document, which bears the name of "Fragmentum Fantutianum," from the name of its possessor, Count Marco Fantuzzi, it will not be out of place to establish briefly its authenticity.

The history of the document is brief and clear. With many other similar documents, it lay for centuries in the public archives of Venice. To preserve the originals, and for the use of the Council of Ten, a great many of the most important documents were copied by the public scribes, and bound in several volumes, which were labelled, "Pactorum et Commemoralium." According to the testimony of the Doge Marco Foscarini, a collection of these *Treaties* and *Commemorations* was made in the year 1500, which bore the following title, "Series Litterarum, Privilegiorum, et Pactorum, Pontificum, Imperatorum, et aliorum Principum, ad Venetorum Ducatum et Ecclesias spectantium, ab anno 700 circiter usque ad 1400." (A series of Letters, Privileges, and Treaties of Popes, Emperors, and other Princes, belonging to the Duchy and Churches of Venice, from about the year 700 up to 1400.) This precious code was first owned by Bernard of Trevisi, whence it was called the Trevisian Code. Bernard bequeathed it to his brother, the Bishop of Verona, from whom it passed as an inheritance to the Bishop of Feltre. A public decree was then issued, in which the possessor of the Trevisian Code was ordered, *per altum dominium*, to consign it to the secret archives of the State. After this date it was lost sight of. But prior to the edict, three copies had been made of the Code. One was placed in the Marcian Library, another was owned by the Abbot Canonici, and the third belonged to the Suajer Library. The one be-

longing to the Abbot Canonici passed into the hands of Count Fantuzzi, who published immediately eight precious documents, and among others the "Promise of Pepin." Troya, who republished it, consulted the Marcian copy, which gave him a few variations. Add to this, in conclusion, the Apostle Zeno saw the Trevisian Code, from which he made a regular index, and under No. VII you will find a concise summary of Pepin's Promise, which, in substance agrees to a nicety with the "Fragmentum Fantutianum." Having premised this much in favor of its authenticity, here is the document itself.

"Statuimus cum clamore et consensu omnium, ut tertio Kalendas Maiarum in Christi nomine hostilitatem Longobardiam adissemus; sub hoc, quod *Pro Pactionis Foedere* per quod pollicimus et spondemus tibi Beatissimo *Petro Clavigero* Regni Coelestis et Principi Apostolorum, et pro te huic almo Vicario tuo *Stephano*, egregioque Papæ Summoque Pontifici, eiusque precibus, successoribus, usque in finem saeculi, per consensum et voluntatem omnium infrascriptorum Abbatum, Ducum, Comitum Francorum, quod si Dominus Deus noster pro sine meritis sacrisque precibus Victores nos in gente et regno Longobardorum esse constituerit, omnes Civitates, atque Ducata seu Castra, sicque insimul EXARCHATU RAVENNATUM necnon et omnia quæ pridem tot per Imperatorum largitionem subsistebant ditioni, quod specialiter inferius per adnotatos fines fuerit declaratum, omnia quæ infra ipsos fines fuerint ullo modo constituta, vel reperta, quæ iniquissima Longobardorum generatione devastata, invasa, subtracta ullatenus alienata sunt, tibi trusque Vicariis sub omni integritate aeternaliter concedimus, nullam nobis nostrisque successoribus infra ipsas terminationes potestatem reservatam, nisi solummodo ut orationibus et animæ requiem profiteamur, et a Vobis populoque restro PATRITII ROMANORUM vocemur."

Here follows the designation of the confines of the territory granted to the Holy See. On the extension of this grant we may reason in another paper. The following is a translation of Pepin's promise: "We decree that, on the third day before the calends of May (April 29th), in the name of Christ, we will attack Lombardy; under this condition, which shall be a *treaty of agreement*, in virtue of which we promise, and avow to thee, most Holy Peter, Keybearer of the Kingdom of Heaven, and Prince of the Apostles, and for thee, to thy holy Vicar Stephen, illustrious Pope and sovereign Pontiff, and at his prayers, to his successors to the end of the world, by the consent and will of all the undersigned abbots, dukes, counts of the Franks, that, if the Lord our God, in virtue of his merits and prayers (Stephen's) shall make us the victors over the nation and kingdom of the Lombards, we grant to thee (St. Peter) and to thy vicars, forever, in all their entirety, all the cities, duchies, or military stations, together with the *Exarchy of Ravenna*, as also all that was formerly subject to the dominion of the emperors, which shall be specially marked below by distinct boundaries, all things constituted in any manner or found within the same boundaries, which have in any way been devastated, invaded, or alienated by the reprobate generation of the Lombards, reserving no power to ourselves and our successors within these limits, save only, that we crave your prayers for the repose of our soul, and that we be called by you and your people, *Patrician of the Romans.*" This then is the title-deed of the States of the Church.

As we shall see, later on, Charlemagne did nothing more than subscribe to this document and put it into execution. In explanation of the king's request to be called Pa-

trician of the Romans, suffice it to say, that the word "patrician," according to the usage of that time, signifies defender, patron. Before setting out for Italy, the Pope crowned, in the Church of St. Denis, Pepin and Berthrade. He also anointed and crowned Pepin's two sons, Charles and Carlomann, giving them the title of "Kings of the Franks," and "Patricians of the Romans."

For various reasons the expedition did not set out for Italy until the following August. The Pope accompanied the army. The Franks and Lombards met at Lusa, where a bloody battle ensued, to the utter discomfiture of the Lombards, who retreated to Pavia. Here the king shut himself up, and prepared to sustain a siege. It was not of long duration. Astulph asked for a cessation of hostilities, promising to restore the "Justice of St. Peter." A treaty was then signed by the three sovereigns, Stephen, Pepin, and Astulph; and in connection with this treaty we beg the reader to notice, that not a word is said about the Emperor of Constantinople, though the principal subject of the treaty was the ceding of Ravenna, which, before the invasion of Astulph, belonged to the emperors. We shall give the words of Anastasius, who narrates briefly the signing of the treaty: "Pippinus rex audiens eos (Longobardo) paci inhiantes artque in scripto foedere pactum promittentes, dixit Summo Pontifici; Fiat secundum præceptum tuum, beatissime Pater. . . . . Aistulfus rex, cum universis suis judicibus spopondit sub terribili Sacramento, atque in eodem pacto per scripturam affirmavit, se illico redditurum civitatem Ravennatium cum aliis diversis civitatibus." The Frankish annals, besides Ravenna, mention, "Pentapolim, Narnias, Ceccanum et reliqua debita." (King Pepin, hearing that they asked for peace, and that they promised a treaty in writing, said to the sovereign Pontiff, "Be it done according to thy command, most Holy Father." . . . . King Astulph, with all his judges, swore a terrible oath, and confirmed the same treaty in writing, that he would give back the city of Ravenna, with divers other cities.) When the treaty was signed King Pepin recrossed the Alps, and the Pope returned to Rome. Astulph's bad faith was evident on the departure of Pepin. He not only refused to give up Ravenna and the other cities, but began to ravage the country around Rome. In 756 he again marched upon Rome. The Pope sent repeated letters to Pepin, who tried to settle matters by sending ambassadors to Astulph, reminding him of the treaty. When Rome had been in a state of siege for nearly three months, the holy Pontiff wrote the celebrated prosopopœia of St. Peter, in which the Prince of the Apostles himself appeals to Pepin. The letter begins: "Petrus, vocatus Apostolus a Jesu Christo Dei vivi filio, et per me omnis Dei Catholica et Apostolica Romana Ecclesia," etc. The appeal was too powerful not to have effect. The pious Pepin again crossed the Alps, came thundering down upon Lusa, before Astulph had barely time to withdraw from Rome, and prepare to defend Pavia. Pepin was again victor and the hypocritical Astulph sued for peace. The "good Pepin," so the annals style him, was merciful to a fault. The treaty of Pavia was again signed and sworn to. This time its execution was not delayed, and Fulrade, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Denis, was deputed by both kings to carry it into effect. Preceded by the envoys of Astulph, he went from city to city, receiving the keys of each, beginning at Ravenna.

When every city and town had been formally consigned, he went to Rome, and placed the keys of the different cities on the tomb of St. Peter. Anastasius gives us a faithful enumeration of them. They were

as follows: Ravenna, Romirini, Pesaro, Fano, Cesena, Sinigaglia, Jesi, Forlimpopoli, Forli, with the Castle of Sussubio, Montefeltro, Acerragio, Monte Lucari, Serra, the Castle of San Mariano, Bobio, Urbino, Cagli, Luculi, Gubbio, and Comacchio, with Narni. These are not the only cities mentioned in the diploma of Pepin. The Caroline Code (as also Anastasius) speaks of Ferrara, Gavello, Faenza, Imola, Bologna, Ancona, Osimo, and Umana. Before we proceed to draw our conclusions from the events which we have narrated, we will stop to notice one event, connected with the second signing of the treaty of Pavia. While Pepin was marching on Pavia, two ambassadors, George the Proto-secretary, and John Silentiarius, arrived in Rome from the court of Constantinople. When the Pope sent his messenger to meet Pepin at Pavia, they begged to be allowed to accompany him. All three set out together, but as they neared Pavia, one of the wily Greeks disappeared. The historian Anastasius will account for him. He writes: "Therefore one of these, to wit, Gregory (George) the Proto-secretary, running before the messenger of the Apostolic See, soon came up with the aforesaid king of the Franks, whom he found within the territory of the Lombards, not far from the city of Pavia; and earnestly imploring him, and promising to bestow many Imperial gifts, that he would restore to the Imperial power the city of Ravenna, or other cities and military stations of the same Exarchy. But he was entirely unable to move the strong heart of the already-named most Christian and most benignant servant of God, and lover of the apostle, Blessed Peter; namely, of the aforesaid Pepin, king of the Franks. The same servant of God, and meekest of kings, affirmed, *that he would not, by any means, suffer these cities to be alienated from the power of Blessed Peter, and from the right of the Roman Church, or the Pontiff of the Apostolic See.* He affirmed, also, with an oath, *that he made war for the love of no man, but for the love of St. Peter, and for the pardon of his sins;* asserting, besides, *that no amount of treasures would induce him to take away from St. Peter what he had once given him;* and having made this answer to the Imperial messenger, he permitted him forthwith to return to his own by another way, who without any effect returned to Rome." This was the last feeble effort made by the Emperors of the East to recover that power in the West which had now passed from them forever. This fact, while it proves, on the one hand, to what a state of imbecility and meanness the Byzantine emperors were reduced, vindicates on the other hand the Pontiffs from the charge, which is ungenerously and ignorantly laid against them, that they plotted for the fall of the empire in the West. Passing over the fact that (if such were the desire of the Pope) Stephen might have kept both ambassadors in Rome, the words of the generous Frank will bear but one interpretation. He had undertaken the war for love of St. Peter, and what he had given him he would not take away. We have now narrated briefly, and on the strength and testimony of documents which defy criticism, all that is necessary to establish the historical origin of the temporal power. It is certain that the real and legitimate Sovereigns of Rome, Ravenna, and the other cities and provinces of the Exarchy and Pentapolis, up to the eighth century, were the Byzantine Emperors. If other arguments were wanting to support this statement, the letters of the Popes to the Cæsars, in which they professed obedience in all that was lawful, would bear us out. It is true, as we have seen, that the necessity of the times, arising, in great part, out of the unaccountable indifference of the Emperors, constrained the Popes to take up the reins of government. But

they always did it in the name of the Empire, for the good of the people and the Empire itself, the Italian provinces of which would have passed, centuries before, into the hands of the Lombards, had the Popes not exercised their influence in favor of the Emperors. Nay, we have seen them reinstating the Exarch of Ravenna, and keeping the people from rebelling against the Emperor, at the very time when these carried on such an unwarrantable persecution against the Popes, that the natural law itself, as well as the law of nations, would have justified them in taking advantage of the influence which they had acquired, and in throwing off the Imperial yoke. No one knew this better than the Emperors themselves, who not only did not complain of the growing political influence of the Popes, but often begged of them to transact matters which they themselves were utterly incapable of accomplishing. Still their power in the West, albeit nominal, did not cease before the year 754. In fact, although a universal rising of the Italians began in 726 against Leo the Isaurian; although the Romans, time and again, took up arms to defend the life of Gregory II, against the Imperial emissaries, and the Exarch of Ravenna; although the people of Ravenna murdered the Exarch Paul, and dragged his body through the streets, and afterwards fought against the Imperial fleet, sent from Constantinople to subdue them, still the Popes continued to recognize the Emperors and obey them.

Now, it is also certain, that in the year 754, the fortune of war made Pepin master of all that territory, which had been invaded by the rapacious Lombards. This territory comprised the province and city of Ravenna, with all the cities and provinces subject to the emperors, together with Rome and the surrounding provinces. Pepin had the same right to all that territory, which any government of our own time would have to a conquered province after a just war. Having the right to possess it, without doubt he had the right to dispose of it as he thought proper. We have seen him, at the second siege of Pavia, formally excluding the Byzantine emperors from any part in the disposal which he was to make of his conquest, asserting that, for the love of no one but St. Peter he had taken up arms, and that nothing could induce him to take away from St. Peter what he had already given him. What he had given to St. Peter is mentioned in the treaty of Quierzy, to wit, all that territory which had formerly appertained to the Imperial dominion, and which had been invaded by the Lombards. Therefore, we conclude, the temporal power of the Popes formally began in the year 754, when the treaty of Quierzy was signed by Pepin and his court. The right of the Popes to temporal dominion was explicitly and unmistakably there defined. The use of this right began as soon as the conditions in the treaty were fulfilled, and these were, that God should make him the conqueror of the Lombards, and that the Pope should confer upon him the title of "Patrician of the Romans." The Pope discharged his part of the obligation, before the army of Pepin set out for Italy, when he crowned Pepin and Berthrade, with his two sons Charles and Carlomann. The other condition ceased to exist after the siege of Pavia. The full use of this right did not begin immediately, but it was none the less a right for that. In the year 754 the right began, in the person of Stephen II, who was, therefore, the first "Pope and King." It only remains for us now to narrate briefly what part Charlemagne enacted in establishing the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiffs. Charlemagne is regarded by many as the founder of the temporal power, which did not, therefore, begin to exist, until twenty years afterwards, when he conquered

Desiderius, and, taking the name of "King of the Lombards," extinguished the Lombard dynasty forever. Passing over a period of twenty years, during which Pope Stephen II and Pekin had both passed away, we find Adrian I in the chair of Peter, while Charles (afterwards Charlemagne) was sole king of the Franks, his brother Carlomann being dead. Desiderius was king of the Lombards. The Lombard kings had certainly one ruling passion, and that was, to make Rome their capital. Desiderius was no exception to his ancestors. After signing and breaking divers treaties, which bound him to respect the territory of St. Peter, we find him, at last, encamped with his army outside the walls of Rome, which he declared in a state of siege. As Stephen II had done twenty years before, so Adrian appealed to Charlemagne for aid against the Lombards. The appeal was not unheard, and again the Franks poured into Italy. Pavia maintained a desperate defence against the Franks. The siege had not yet been over when Easter-tide came, and Charlemagne resolved to go to Rome. Arriving there, he was received with great honors by the Pope (774). Here we shall quote Anastasius Bibliothecarius entire, whence it will appear, in what manner Charlemagne is the founder of the temporal power of the Holy See. We shall premise by stating, that not all the cities and territories mentioned in the treaty of Quierzy had been given up to the Holy See. This was owing, partly, to the bad faith of Astulphus, and after him Desiderius, as also to the negligence of the Frankish king, in enforcing a strict observance of the treaty. Anastasius writes (in vita Adriani), "On the fourth day, the aforesaid Pontiff (Adrian), accompanied by his court of ecclesiastics and soldiers, entered the Church of the Blessed Apostle Peter, and joining himself in conversation with the same king (Charlemagne), urged him strongly, and with paternal affection advised him *to fulfil in all things that promise* which his father, of holy memory, King Pepin, which the most illustrious Charles himself, together with his brother Carlomann, and all the Frankish nobles, had made to St. Peter, and to his vicar of holy memory, the lord Stephen the younger, Pope, when he went into France (for) granting divers cities and territories of this province of Italy, and giving up to Blessed Peter, and to all his vicars, to be possessed forever; and when he had caused to be read to him the *promise* itself, which was made in France, in a place called Quierzy, all therein contained pleased him and his court, and of his own will, and with a good and willing disposition, the same aforesaid most illustrious and truly most Christian king of the Franks, Charles, ordered another *promise of donation, similar to the former*, to be written by his pious and most prudent chaplain and notary, Etherius, wherein *he granted the same cities and territories* to Blessed Peter, and promised that they should be given up to the aforesaid Pontiff."

Here follows a designation of the limits of the territory. Anastasius continues, "And having made the same donation, and the most Christian king of the Franks having signed it with his own hand, and made, also, all the bishops, abbots, dukes, and counts write in it, which, placing first upon the Altar of St. Peter, and afterwards inside, in his holy confession, the king of the Franks, as well as his court, swore, with a terrible oath, to St. Peter and to his very holy Vicar Pope Adrian, that they would observe everything contained in the same donation. The same most Christian king of the Franks, causing a copy to be written of the same donation by the same Etherius, with his own hands, placed it inside upon the body of St. Peter, under the gospels, which he kissed in the same place, as a most powerful as-

surance, and an eternal memory of himself and the kingdom of the Franks. Other copies of the same donation being transcribed by the notary of this, our Holy Church, his Excellency carried with him." Returning to Pavia, Charlemagne soon reduced it, making a prisoner of Desiderius. When Pavia fell, the other cities surrendered likewise. Having brought his expedition to a happy termination, he turned his attention to establishing a form of government for Lombardy. Not wishing to treat Lombardy as a province, he took the name of "King of the Lombards," thus endowing Lombardy with the same rights and prerogatives as France itself. According to the testimony of Sigbert and Dandolo, he made good his promise to Pope Adrian, before setting out for France. Sigbert (Chronicon a. 774), "Quidquid per multa tempora Longobardi Romanis abstulerant, Karolus eis restituit." (Whatever the Lombards, through long years, had taken from the Romans, Charles restored to them.) And Dandolo (lib. vii, Chronicon) writes, "Pastquam reddidit Karolus cuncta Beato Petro, quæ Longobardi acceperant, et quæ *Pater suus concesserat*," etc. (After Charles had restored all to St. Peter which the Lombards had taken, and which *his father had granted*, etc.) To defend and restore the "Justice of St. Peter," was the object of his coming into Lombardy. He came at the prayer of St. Peter's successor, or vicar, as he is called in the acts of those times; and his purpose could only be accomplished, when he had satisfied the desires of him at whose earnest prayer he came. In a word, Charlemagne did nothing but carry into a more perfect execution the treaty of Quierzy, which, in what regarded his devotion to the Holy See, might be called the last will and testament of King Pepin. To sum up in brief, we draw the following conclusions:

The temporal sovereignty of the Holy See began at the treaty of Quierzy (754). Twenty years elapsed, before every article in the treaty was realized. Second conclusion: This was effected by Charlemagne, after the subjugation of Desiderius, in the year 774.

If there be a power on earth which was justly acquired, that power was the temporal power of the Holy See. It was the free and generous gift of him who had the right to bestow it, though, as the tenor of the treaty indicates, the donor seemed to do only what was just. It passed unhurt through all the vicissitudes of eleven centuries, honored and respected, in substance, though now and then partially attacked by some greedy forerunner of the robbers of our day, and who are styled by a false generation, *Gallantuorium*. The use of this power was at times interfered with, but the right was always venerated, as something sacred, and eminently just; sacred, because vested in him who represented sanctity itself; just, because acquired by every title which can justify any possession here below. The nineteenth century alone was degenerate enough to beget a Lombard, a Savoyard, who revered not sanctity, nor respected justice, and he has violated the "Justice of St. Peter." But the words of Pepin still exist. He swore, "æternaliter concedimus" (we grant forever). While time lasts, the "Justice of St. Peter" shall cry for satisfaction. Pius is the successor of Peter and of Stephen to whom Pepin swore, and of Adrian whom Charlemagne justified. The same justice is due to him which was due to them. Why should it tarry? How can it tarry?

## "THIS MRS. JAMES."

### II.

It might have been about a month after these events, that Luke Lawton, sitting at the breakfast table with Mrs. James, and still bent on keeping up his curious and kindly watch, noticed, as she looked over the first of the papers brought in as usual at this time, that a shudder passed irrepressibly over her frame. I say irrepressibly, because if it were possible to have repressed it, she would have done so. He knew this, and giving a quick look from over his own paper, saw that a deadly paleness had set in, announcing, notwithstanding the forced repose of her face, the presence of unusual and deep emotion. Then she drank eagerly a cup of coffee, laying down the paper; as she did so,—

"Let us exchange, Mrs. James," said he, in an off handmanner, handing her his own; "you may find something interesting in this."

A wistful look followed the paper as he took possession of it, no other sign to tell of the inward struggle in the proud, reticent heart. He purposely, in true detective style, looked first at a page removed from the one whereon lay what had caused the shudder. Before he could come to it, lo! another of the same irrepressible kind, and accompanied by the same deadly paleness, passed over the stately frame sitting near, with head bent in intent examination of the paper he had just relinquished.

"*Ex*traordinary!"

With this mental ejaculation, quite a relief to him in itself, he turned to the page which must contain a clue to the mystery. While absorbed in search he *felt* furtive and anxious glances cast upon him—he dared not see them. Finally, as he neared a certain column, he became aware of a right hand pressed tightly over a heart of whose wild throbbing the quickened breath of the owner told the tale. His eye fell upon a spot in the column in question, and then a gasp from a pair of white lips clove the air. He appeared to take no notice, but read; and while he read, the stately figure glided in silence out of the room. This was what stared at him from the page:

"Information Wanted.—Of a lady, English, and partially insane, who left her home, and took passage for America about the 13th. Is accompanied by a boy thirteen years of age, and crippled in one leg; is tall, has dark eyes, black hair, and is cultivated in manner and conversation; dressed richly, when she left, in suit of purple poplin. Any one able to give information regarding her, may rest assured of furthering her welfare, and will receive £500 reward. Communications concerning her to be made to

"Black & Wingfield,
Attorneys-at-law, Court Row."

He picked up the other paper, and another, and another, and all contained the same advertisement in some prominent place.

"*Ex*traordinary! A scoundrel in the case! The mouth of the Amazon is a thousand miles wide, but I'd empty it to circumvent him. Let's see!"

He read it over again, his solid brows more and more contracted as he proceeded. He then contemplated the paper at arms' length, and addressed it in the following sententious manner:

"*You've* been made to lie! She's *not* insane. Best plan for the scoundrel to get her, though. Wonder what he wants with her. Property, most likely. After the presence of a scoundrel, these kind of things al-

ways show money right below him. Just at the bottom! Wanted obscurity, that was all. Had boy in asylum —good place to hide him. Boy a splendid mark to be found by. Then looking out for papers all the time. Knew *you'd* appear; knew you'd be some lie. Wanted to find what, as soon as possible, and circumvent you. No, sir, Messrs. Black & Wingfield, I'll interview you by chance; but *she* shan't be caught, and *she* shan't be found, or my name's not Luke Lawton! *Ex*traordinary!"

Upon this soliloquy entered the spoiled, petted, romping, affected, but, to him, radiant presence of Florry. Florry, redolent of delight to meet him before he went to business; (brilliant opportunity for coaxing something out of his ample pocket-book). Florry, well aware that he adored the rustle of her dress; Florry, all smiles and antics and "prunes" and "prism." He looked at her a moment after the accustomed kiss,—

"Well, what next, Floy? Some new riggin'?"

"No, Pa; a ride to-day! All the girls have been out on the new Nicolson, and I'm always so ashamed I haven't seen it! Belle takes the horses every day; I just wish I was a young lady, that's all!"

"Well, I'll give orders, if you say all the States of the Union in a row. It's a glorious country, ours even, in the geography."

She began, she got completely lost in the labyrinth known to students as the "Western States and Territories;" but as her examiner got lost with her, the clue being in the hands of neither, the straying was of no great importance. Both were pleased to do without finding the way, and both exchanged congratulatory looks when the ordeal was over.

"Now, Floy, what time for the ride? You've earned it fairly."

"Oh! Pa," another kiss, another twining of be-laced and be-ruffled arms around the stalwart neck, "if you could only let it be in lesson-time. Just this once, you know, can't hurt, and this is French-day, and I hate French so, and—"

"You want to kill two—no, three birds with one stone. Well, go see Mrs. James about it; tell her I asked it."

"Good idea," as the small embodiment of a fashion-plate disappeared, "how could she teach with this on her mind? Wonder if she has a purple dress! By all the Pilgrim Fathers, I feel like a regular police officer on a small scale!"

Florry re-entered.

"Oh! Pa, I went and knocked at Mrs. James's door, and she didn't say 'come in,' but I thought she did, and I opened it, and there she was, as white as a sheet, and could hardly speak; and oh! Pa, I'm all out of breath with it."

"Well, take plenty, Floy. Even if it costs greenbacks, you should have it; but it don't. What, now; what was Mrs. James doing when she looked as white as a sheet?"

"Why, she was burning papers, and little pieces of purple stuff."

"Hem; *ex*traordinary."

"Sir?"

"Nothing, Floy, go on."

"But that's all, Pa, about Mrs. James, only she said I could go, if you said so, of course. And, please give me some money for candy to eat on the way. Oh! it's too splendid."

Then she executed one of Madame C.'s very latest conceptions in the way of a fancy dance, and he thought her an angel and a fairy combined in one miraculous person. So when she stopped before him, gracefully poised on one foot, her hands held out in pretty attitude of begging, his pocket-book was emptied for her benefit.

"The dearest Pa in the world!"

And this fairy and angel in miraculous combination, threw herself into

the arms opened eagerly to receive her. Now, she was not a pretty child, she was angular, and sallow, by reason of much candy-eating; but she was decidedly and successfully fashionable. "Style" asserted itself palpably in her most minute look, word, or act, and her countless costumes were faultlessly correct. So looking down upon her, and upon the mist of perfectly crimped hair floating over her shoulders, and seeing, in all, only a *recherche* picture, a thought of the past softly knocked at the honest and fond heart, which was admitted. It was a vision of the crossing which he had swept in his childhood, a vision of himself as he must have looked then, a vision of his ragged little girl companions.

"And this, this is *my child!*"

The thought made the honest heart proud. Let us not blame, but rather pity it, that it really had so little to be proud of in this juvenile embodiment of "prunes" and "prism;" this creature of money, and style, and the rest of fashion's false gods. For, out of the unsophisticated pride rose a gentle thought, which found expression in this wise:

"Floy! Floy! be good to the poor little girls in the street, that beg, or—that—that sweep crossings, because you see, child, they're just your size, and they haven't got your chances."

Floy, however, looked up from the broad breast, in undisguised amazement.

"Why, Pa," and she shook her brown, compulsory waves of hair with the toss peculiar to the schoolgirl proper, "if I spoke to them, people would think I *knew them*, and that would never do."

He sighed, and she gave him an airy kiss, and danced out of the room.

"Burning letters and bits of purple stuff," soliloquized he, waiving the whole of the aforesaid episode. "Chain of evidence becoming complete. *Ex*traordinary woman; hope she'll not go and do anything desperate with herself; must see to that next."

He rang the bell. It was obeyed by an obsequious negro servant.

"Go down to the office, and say I cannot be there to-day. Bring up all letters or dispatches, and leave them in my room, here."

Then he betook himself to the door of the room occupied by Mrs. James. He knocked softly, but got no answer; again, a little louder: there was a rustle of papers and of silk, a moment of utter silence, and then the door opened. Mrs. James stood in the frame made by the opening, no marble statue whiter or colder of aspect.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, "but as Floy begged off, and the day is fine, I thought may be you'd drive out with me to see little Paul's friend at the Asylum. They say he can't live long."

"Thank you, Mr. Lawton," spoke the white lips, defiant of quiver or sigh, "but I have a great deal to do," glancing around the disordered room, "and—and I think I had better do it to-day."

"Pshaw, ma'am!" and he, in turn, gave a glance inwards, not failing to see a purple dress, badly mutilated by the scissors, lying on the hearth, "I can send up a servant to attend to that. Come, I'll take no refusal. Buggy at the door in twenty minutes!"

"Caged for the present, by all the Pilgrim Fathers," mentally rejoiced he, as he made his way down stairs. And—

"Well, to-night will do as well!" with a heavy, heavy sigh, decided she, as she turned into the lonely room. Then, with an expression of face impossible for tongue or pen to describe, be they ever so eloquent, she took the mutilated remnant of the royal-hued robe, cut it into strips, and let it burn till the last thread disappeared in black ashes.

"Yes," she then said wearily,

"to-night! If refinement be the principal sign given by which to know this poor fugitive, it must e'en be cast aside, covered up in ashes like the purple dress. How I loved it! How *he* admired it! How—"

Then tears came, but they were hard and passionless. And, after them, the mocking words,

"Life! Love! Curses alike to the human heart! If I could but trample the first, as I do the last, under my foot! But Paul! my one treasure now, I *must* live for you, even though life be a martyrdom!" Then the two white, trembling hands were bound around the stately head, as if the next thought were agony, and their clasp could, with its vehemence, destroy the pain. It was indeed a voice of despair, that, in a moment more, gave utterance to this thought:

"Insane! Insane! That would put me in his power forever! Who can know, who can dream of the stories hidden in the private madhouses of Europe!"

Here, the picture was torn from her neck, the picture of the handsome man, with the false-looking eyes, flung into the fire with a gesture of supreme woe:

"Thus! thus," and the voice was one of agony and exultation blended together, "thus do I destroy the thought of you in my heart, and yet—*I am not insane!*"

The emphasis was bitterest mockery—the attitude of the queenly form, such as indicates that sublimity of tragedy, which can sway multitudes by its wonderful power.

"Mr. Lawton is waiting, ma'am," said a voice outside the door.

"True," she muttered to herself, "I had almost forgotten."

## III.

It was a little, white bed, whereon lay the wasted form of the dying orphan, who had drooped perceptibly since Paul's departure—if, indeed, we can call that drooping, which culminates in endless bloom. A little, little white bed, no mother's hand had adorned, and yet sweet and spotless as bed could be. A pain-environed bed, where a stainless, gentle spirit fluttered in its last, faint struggles, before it found fair peace. A consecrated bed, where angels kept eager watch, and the Spirit of God, looking down, called what lay thereon, consumed with suffering, "My own." Truly, it was "good" for them "to be there," and the wealthy man, with all the fabulous power in his hands arising out of his wealth, could not have brought the bitterly-tried woman by his side to a spot on earth so calculated to teach her the lesson her needs required as this.

The wan little face on the pillow grew bright as they entered, and the powerless hands made a vain attempt to raise themselves in greeting, but fell with failure more pathetic than any gesture.

"Paul's mother, good Mr. Lawton," spoke the voice soon to be lost to earth in the music of Heaven, spoke it gladly, as we do of a wish fulfilled.

"And how are you to-day, dear? See, I have brought you some flowers and fruit."

"Thank you, ma'am;" such a strange, holy light upon a face so childish softly settled there as he spoke; "put the flowers on the altar, please, Mr. Lawton. They will be there when I am—in Heaven!" This tone was all joy, all hope. Childhood's faith triumphed in it. Under the shadow of the death-angel's wing, the innocent soul looked out upon life, with the feeling, that men call heroism in the soldier facing that battle which may prove its ending.

"I want—I want to tell you something before I go," he then said, glancing to Mrs. James with a far-off look in his eyes.

"Do not try to talk, dear," she replied, "I am afraid it hurts you."

He smiled.

"I do not get hurt that way now," he said. "You have great trouble, haven't you? Paul said you had."

"I have indeed, child."

"Well, I'm only a little boy, but I know how you can get it away. Indeed, I do!"

The eyes, luminous with one of those last wondrous looks the soul about to be freed sends forth on earthly things, turned themselves full upon her face; the look went to her heart, to her storm-bruised soul; the next words of the dying voice sounded to her like a whisper, not of earth, but Heaven.

"*Bring it to God!*"

The wasted finger pointed upwards, the hand fell on the breast, rested there, rested forever! She knelt, knelt for the first time in all this bitter struggling with her woe, and the kneeling was of the spirit as well as the body.

(To be concluded.)

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## WHY NOT MARTYRDOM?

In discussing this question of divided allegiance, the obedience the citizen owes to the state and to his own conscience, we would direct the attention of both Protestants and Catholics to an extremely interesting fact in German persecution, and to a striking consideration in connection with that fact.

The fact is, the banishment of the Jesuits from Prussia. The consideration is, Why did they not resist the edict, and suffer martyrdom? The relevance of this to the discussion of divided allegiance is very near, and no less suggestive, as we shall see.

Every one who has read the history of the order of St. Ignatius knows that no glory would so arouse the holy greed of the Jesuit as the martyr's crown. He is a man unaccustomed to earthly regrets. He made all his sacrifices at the foot of the altar when he became a Jesuit. He has no more sacrifices to make. Earth has no pleasures which distil sweetness for him, and grief, in the human sense, no longer darkens the threshold of his soul. In the world, and participating in its excitements, he is not of it. The barrier of his vows surrounds him unbrokenly, and there is but a single motive for all his acts, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. He rejoices, he works, he grieves, he teaches, he prays, he studies, he exhorts, he pursues the hesitating like a guardian angel, he wipes the eyes of misery and covers poverty's nakedness, but in all he is a little superhuman, for his motive is always *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. He is incapable of compromise. He smiles at the idea of terror. Him God alone can reward, only God can punish. What does he care for earthly penalties? He is the familiar of suffering in its squalid and most hideous forms. He walks into the pestilence as a prince to a *fête*. He nurses the leprous sick as a father a lovely child. He plays with dangers as a boy with toys. He would approach the gaping cannon mouth as serenely as the white-robed baptismal font. He has gone into captivity as a ransom for the captive, and while the hatchet of the savage lowered on his head, his last words have been an instruction in the faith to his executioners. If there be anything which he knows best of all things, it is to die. The history of the order makes death the apotheosis

of the life of every member. There is not a Jesuit living to-day who would not walk gleefully to martyrdom, and thank those who would thus afford him what he esteems the highest attainable distinction. The martyrs are to the Jesuit the heroes *par excellence*. To be ranked with the hundreds of shining names that have gone to heaven in crimson robes is a reward, a renown, for which he hardly dares to hope.

What of the opportunity?

Would they have been justified in resisting the law? Was the process of their expulsion legal and constitutional, so that in resisting they would not have committed sin? For, let it be clearly understood, the German government, notwithstanding that Bismarck is at its head, is the legitimate government of Germany; and in civil affairs the Jesuit is bound to obey its ordinances, under penalty of damnation. But it is also a constitutional government, and the constitution guarantees substantially the same primary civil rights to every citizen as are declared in *Magna Charta* and the Constitution of the United States. Clearly, it would be unconstitutional for President Grant to issue a proclamation of banishment against the Methodist ministers, confiscate their seminaries, houses, and churches, and drive them across our borders by military force. If such a proclamation were issued, all classes of citizens, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and infidel, would unite in applauding the physical resistance of the Methodist ministers to its enforcement. If a minister stood at his door, and resisted the forcible entrance of an officer without warrant, resisted at the expense of the invader's life, no jury would indict, no court would punish him for the deed. If, on the contrary, he declined forcibly to defend his house and his liberty, but accepted death himself rather than abandon the one or surrender the other, the community would mourn the Christian man, and exalt the martyr in a niche of civil celebrity, while it would execrate and tear from his place of power the President who would attempt thus to annul the constitutional rights of the citizen.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany is absolutely parallel to this. No crime was alleged against them as a society; no member of the order was summoned before a legal tribunal to answer an accusation submitted by the crown. Unchallenged, untried, unaccused, an edict is issued driving them from their native land, and confiscating the property of the order to the state. We say, as an American, that every Jesuit would have been justified in resisting by arms, or through the courts, if the latter promised any semblance of justice, the application of this unconstitutional edict to himself. The government could not constitutionally touch him except through the law. The highest legislative body could not take from him what the constitution gave him. The law has its plainly defined methods of procedure, and to these he was entitled. The government with its bayonets pierced through constitution and laws, and the Jesuit would have been justified in meeting force by resistance. If he preferred, as a disciple of a Saviour who never resisted, to accept the blade into his body, and thus snatch the martyr's death and the hero's fame, mankind would no doubt prove that they esteem heroism for principle as highly as in the days of Nero, or Henry VIII, or Cromwell. And no argument which human ingenuity can frame against despotism, no invective which the eloquence of inspired genius could pour upon religious persecution, would so soon rot the foundations under Bismarckism as the forcible deaths of a few of these joyful victims. Mankind would have recoiled aghast from the spilling of blood for conscience sake; a cry of horror, a shout of frenzied indignation would have gone up from

every German hamlet, and Bismarckism would have tottered and fallen in the fierce tumult.

Why, then, did the Jesuits, instead of inviting martyrdom, with its earthly renown and heavenly reward for them as individuals, its added lustre to the prestige of their order, and its triumphant consequences for the Catholic Church, submit to the atrocious injustice, and without waiting even to parley with their persecutors, or lodge a formal protest against the decree, go quietly forth, turning their backs forever, unmurmuring, upon the hills and vines of their native land?

Now we come to this question of allegiance.

It was because the Church not only commands Catholics to render unqualified obedience to the state in civil affairs; but, losing sight of the cold letter of duty, in a warm spirit of generosity, she further requires that her children shall avoid disturbing the peace of the state by resort to violence even for vindication or defence.

And yet Mr. Gladstone talks of the "disloyalty" of Catholics, and the stupid remark is sometimes made by American ministers that there is something, they know not what, in the Catholic Church, which makes her inimical to the state! Mr. Gladstone, while pretending to bolster his wordy "expostulation" by the Syllabus, entirely ignored its sixty-third proposition, in which those are condemned who say, "It is lawful to refuse obedience to legitimate princes."

That these men, who yearned for martyrdom, who saw within their reach so conspicuous an opportunity to

> "Get the start of the majestic world,
> And bear the palm alone,"

to assure rank with those who stand "before the throne clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands," turned their backs humbly upon the opportunity, demonstrates more than the opponents of the Church have ever asked her to admit, to wit, that the Church not only commands Catholics to obey the state in civil affairs, but requires them to love the state and obey it, even as a child obeys an unjust parent, rather than disrupt or scandalize the household.

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## DELAROCHE'S PICTURE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Fair and fearless, sad and stately, discrowned Queen, so queenly yet,
Awing half the bloody rabble for their fiercest triumph met.
Royal arms down drooping quiet on the dingy prison dress,—
Royal forehead showing steadfast 'neath the sorrow-silvered tress.

Wolfish eyes are glaring round her, hatred hisses insult coarse:
She will neither faint nor falter, yielding to the torrent's force.
Austria's daughter, France's lady, pleads not to that vulgar throng:
She will trust to Time and Heaven to avenge her bitter wrong.

On the cheek no flush of terror—on the lip no sobbing breath,
In her calm contemptuous patience, pacing queenly to her death.
Something in her eye has power, even that tossing sea to stem;
None of all those clenching fingers dare to touch her garment's hem.

Oh the mighty spell of genius! after all these troubled years,
At the touch of the enchanter the old drama claims our tears,
And the fair proud face shines purely, through a century's reproach,
Telling truth for future ages by the hand of Delaroche.

# LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

## NINTH LETTER.

Dear Sir: As we advance in the examination of the antichristian institution, called the "Church of England by law established," we behold the progress of the structure diverging continuously and systematically from even the slightest shadow of a relation with the Church of which Jesus Christ is the Head; preserved in divine love without blemish or wrinkle, and made known to all men as the kingdom of God on earth. On the contrary, the establishment, which has degraded poor England, realizes in all its aspects the definition of Macaulay, viz.: "It was commenced by Henry, the murderer of his wives; it was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother; it was completed by Elizabeth, the murderess of her cousin and her guest." (Essays.) Hence, Sydney Smyth, Parliament-dean of Paul's meeting-house in London, said, truthfully, of this mock-church, that "nothing like it is to be found in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America; not even in Timbuctoo."

Collier.—"The Court, who it is thought might have something farther than religion in view, did not think it advisable to venture their cause upon disputation, and rely wholly on arguments. They might be apprehensive that, unless the disagreement between Rome and England was carried to wider distance, the breach might possibly be closed; and that such a union might prove unfriendly to their church estates. On the other hand, they were not assured whether any farther alterations in doctrine and worship would be well received. The minority of the prince was a circumstance of disadvantage; and how far the people would be passive under a new face of things, was not easy to conjecture. To guard against the worst, it was thought fit to be furnished with forces to awe the opposite party, and prevent them from giving disturbance. For this purpose men are levied, a fleet equipped, and the veteran troops at Boulogne and Calais embarked for England. The Protector, likewise, had several regiments of Walloons and Germans in his pay; not that he had any better opinion of their courage, but because he might believe them more ready to execute any harsh measures at home, if occasion required. To bring the French to a friendly disposition, the English Council paid a particular regard to the memory of Francis I. This prince died on the 22d of March, and on the 19th of June a dirge was sung in all the churches in London. The choir of St. Paul's was hung with mourning, and no other circumstance of state or solemnity omitted. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Cranmer), with eight other bishops, in their richest pontifical habits, sung a mass of requiem, and a sermon was preached by Dr. Ridley, elect of Rochester.

"Soon after Gardiner's commitment, the Protector being returned to London, he wrote to him, and sent him his reasons why he could not give the Council satisfaction. He acquaints him that the injunctions delivered by the visitors ordered the use of two books, the Homilies and Erasmus's Paraphrase of the New Testament. 'Now these books,' says he, 'have no harmony of doctrine; they differ in material articles. The Homilies make justification depend

wholly on faith, exclusive of charity. But Erasmus's Paraphrase affirms that justification requires both these qualities, and that faith must have love or charity joined with it. . . . If we are,' says he, 'to govern our belief by Erasmus's authority, he will tell us that the doctrine of faith alone saving, or that we are justified by single and solitary faith, is no better than rank poison. The Book of Homilies,' continues Gardiner, 'reckons palms, candles, and the holy bread, amongst popish superstitions and abuses. But the necessary "Erudition," authorized by Parliament, recommends the use of these ceremonies, which is likewise done by the injunctions now set forth.'" (Eccles. History.)

BURNET.—"The Article also about the strict observance of the holy day seemed a little doubtful. Some, not content to press great strictness on that day, would needs make a controversy about the morality of it, and about the fourth commandment, and framed many rules for it, which were stricter than themselves or any other could keep. This drew on opposition; and these contests were, by the subtlety of the enemies of the power and progress of religion, so improved, that, instead of all men observing that time devoutly as they ought, some took occasion, from the strictness of their own way, to censure all as irreligious, who did not in everything agree to their notion concerning it. Others, by the heat of contradiction, did too much slacken this great bond and instrument of religion; which is since brought under so much neglect, that it is, for most part, a day only of rest from men's bodily labors, but perhaps worse employed than if they were at work." (Hist. Refor.)

NEAL.—"The common people were very much divided in their opinions about religion. The clergy were no less divided than the laity; the pulpits clashing one against the other, and tending to stir up sedition and rebellion; the king, therefore, after the example of his father, and by the advice of his council, issued out a proclamation in the second year of his reign, to prohibit all preaching throughout all his dominions." (Hist. Pur.)

D'ISRAELI.—"The proclamations of Edward VI curiously exhibit the unsettled state of the Reformation, where the rites and ceremonies of Catholicism were still practiced by the new religionists, while an opposite party, resolutely bent on an eternal separation from Rome, consolidated themselves into Puritanism, and while others were hatching up that demoralizing fanaticism, which subsequently stocked the nation with those monstrous sects, the indelible disgrace of our country.

"Another proclamation is against such as innovate any ceremony, and who are described as 'certain private preachers' and other laymen, who rashly attempt of their own and singular wit and mind, not only to persuade the people from old and accustomed rites and ceremonies, but also themselves bring in new and strange orders according to their fantasies." (Cur. Lit.)

BURNET.—"Owing to the misery to which the clergy were reduced, there was a great difficulty in finding persons who might be safely licensed to preach. For the rents of the Church were either swallowed up by the suppression of religious houses to whom the tithes were generally appropriated, or basely alienated by some lewd or superstitious incumbents, who, to preserve themselves, or to purchase friends, had given away the best part of their revenues and benefices." (Hist. Refor.)

SOUTHEY.—"The danger was not from the Papal clergy, but from those headstrong men, who thought that all vestiges of Popery ought to be removed; and that the difference between the old and the reformed Church could never be made too wide. Admonition to such people was

found useless; and no other means remained of stopping seditious preaching, but by forbidding any person whatever to preach, except such as were licensed by the king, etc. But such sermons as I have just alluded to,—addressing the vanity of the hearers and encouraging their presumption,—indisposed them for the Homilies. Sometimes the congregation manifested their dislike by talking while they were read; sometimes the reader, by gabbling through the homily in such a manner that those who were inclined to listen, could not follow the hurried and contemptuous delivery." (Book of the Church.)

NEAL.—"About this time, a committee of divines was appointed to examine and reform the offices of the Church. This office was published with a proclamation, declaring his majesty's intentions to proceed to a further reformation; and willing his subjects not to run before his direction (a youth of ten years old)! assuring them of his earnest zeal in this affair, and hoping they would quietly tarry for it." (History of Purit.)

COLLIER.—"The members of Parliament, as Heylin relates, though of different sentiments with regard to religion, yet agreed in a common principle, to strike in with the juncture, and take care of themselves. For though, as this historian goes on, a great number of lords and commons were inclined to the doctrines of the late reign, yet they were willing to give way to such acts as widened the breach between the English and the Catholic Church. The present nearness in communion, they were afraid, might end in a reconciliation with the Pope; and that such measures would prove dangerous to their estates gained from the Church. As for the rest, whose business was either to make or improve their fortune, they came prepared without question, to close with such a reformation as served best their purposes. This seems partly evident by the tendency of some of the acts, which, in Heylin's opinion, seem to overlook the concern of religion, and aim at private interest in a very remarkable manner." (Eccl. Hist.)

NEAL.—"The Parliament gave the king all the lands for maintenance of charitries not possessed by his father; all legacies given for obits, anniversaries, lamps in churches; together with all Guild lands which any fraternity enjoyed on the same account; the money was to be converted to the maintenance of grammar schools; but the hungry courtiers shared it among themselves." (Hist. of Purit.)

COLLIER.—"In the last session, a motion was made, that all canons, laws, usages, etc., which forbid any person to marry upon the score of priesthood, or vow of religion, might be declared void and unobligatory. This proposition was subscribed by fifty-three in the affirmative, and twenty-two in the negative." (Eccles. Hist.)

D'ISRAELI.—"In consequence of this, in another proclamation of Edward VI, to press 'a godly conformity throughout his realm,' we learn the following curious fact of 'divers unlearned and indiscreet priests of a devilish mind and intent, teaching that a man may forsake his wife and marry another, his first wife yet living; likewise that the wife may do the same to the husband. Others, that a man may have two wives or more at once, for that these things are not prohibited by God's law, but by the Bishop of Rome's law; so that by such evil and fantastical opinions some have not been afraid to marry and keep two wives.' Here, as in the bud, we may unfold those subsequent scenes of our story, which spread out in the following century; the branching out of the non-conformists into their various sects, and the indecent haste of our reformed priesthood, who in their zeal to cast off the yoke of Rome desperately

submitted to the liberty of having two wives or more!" (Cur. of Lit.)

COLLIER.—"The next remarkable act relating to the Church is a penal statute against irreverent speaking of the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. The preamble sets forth, that some arrogant and contentious people have, either out of wickedness or want of learning, condemned, in their hearts and speech, the whole thing, and contemptuously depraved, despised, and reviled the same most holy and blessed sacrament; and not only disputed and reasoned irreverently of that most high mystery, but also in their sermons, readings, lectures, communications, arguments, rhymes, songs, plays, or jests, call it by such vile and unseemly words as Christian ears do abhor to hear rehearsed.

"Thus we see an intemperate zeal against popery carried some people to an excess of profaneness."

"This Parliament made a statute against vagabonds, by which it was enacted, that any man or woman, 'not being disabled by age, accident, or sickness, and not having lands or other means sufficient to maintain them, who wandered up and down idly for three days together, without offering themselves to labor and employment, such persons being brought before two justices of peace, were to be slaves two years to the person that brought them, and be marked with the letter V. It is plain the act was levelled against monks and friars, who went about the country to get entertainment, and furnish themselves with conveniences. Many of these religious had but narrow pensions, and those, of late, not well paid. Now, it was thought a hardship by some people, that the monks, who had a creditable education, and many of them persons of condition, should be tied to labor, and come under the penalties of common servants, and be treated no better than the lowest of the people. And this usage seemed the more particular, because they had been lately thrown out of plentiful estates, and made a considerable figure in the kingdom. Besides, some of them came to London to solicit for their pensions.

"Another act made this session takes notice, in the preamble, that the city of York, formerly well inhabited, and furnished with good livings for learned incumbents, was now much decayed, insomuch that many of the cures could not afford a competent maintenance. To remedy this inconvenience, the mayor and recorder, the ordinary, and six justices of peace, are empowered to unite as many parishes, and pull down as many churches, as they shall think convenient. And here the materials of these superfluous churches, as they are called, are to be employed for the repairing other churches and bridges. If it is inquired by what means the city of York sunk thus low from its former condition, the most probable way of accounting for this declension is the late dissolution of the monasteries.

"The last act I shall mention is that which gave the charities, colleges, etc., to the crown. Of these charities and free chapels there were 2374. The colleges exceeded other foundations both in the beauty of their building, the number of priests, and the largeness of their revenues. . . . And lastly, all goods, chattels, jewels, plate, ornaments, and other movables, being the common goods of such colleges, etc., are conveyed to the king." (Eccles. Hist.)

SOUTHEY.—"They who divided the spoil were not content while anything remained untouched. Sir Philip Hoby recommended that all the prebends should be converted to the king's use; and the Protector's brother, the Lord Admiral, a bold, bad man, represented, that bishops ought not to be troubled with temporal concerns; and that it would be right to make them surrender all their royalties and temporalities to his majesty,

and receive an honest pension of money, yearly allowed to them for hospitality. But he received for this a memorable rebuke. The king told him that he knew his purpose. 'You have had among you,' said he, 'the commodities of the abbeys, which you have consumed, some with superfluous apparel, some at dice and cards, and other ungracious rule. And now you would have the bishops' lands and revenues to abuse likewise. Set your hearts at rest; there shall no such alteration be made while I live.'

"The Duke of Somerset's memory is deeply stained with the guilt of this execrable spoliation, in which no man partook more largely. He contributed under cover of the reformation, to bring into England the abuse of bestowing church preferment upon laymen; a scandal from which, greatly as it prevailed abroad, this country had been remarkably free. Even before his nephew succeeded to the throne, he had secured to himself a deanery, the treasurership of a cathedral, and four of the best prebends; and charged a bishopric with the payment of £300 a year to his son. Much of the remaining property of the church was in like manner bestowed upon laymen, to the grievous discouragement of learning. Men who were not authorized by his orders, were encouraged by his example, to appropriate the spoil of chapels and churches, which, if not willingly surrendered to them by the poor churchwardens, they extorted by threats, or took away by violence. Nothing for which purchasers could be found escaped the rapacity of these plunderers. Tombs were stripped of their monumental brasses, churches of their lead. Bells, to be cast into cannon, were exposed in such quantities, that their further exportation was forbidden, lest metal for the same use should be wanting at home. Somerset pretended that one bell in a steeple was sufficient for summoning the people to prayers; and the country was thus in danger of losing its best music—a music hallowed by all circumstances, which, according equally with social exultation and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens." (Book of the Church.)

COLLIER.—"This year the London apprentices and the Lollard mob overrun their bounds, *reformed* to disorder, and insulted the clergy in the streets. To check this license, an order was set forth by the king and council, commanding 'that no serving man, or apprentice, or any other person whatsoever he or they be, shall use hereafter such insolency and evil demeanor towards priests, as revelling and tossing of them, taking violently their caps and tippets from them, without just title or cause, nor other ways to use them than as becomes the king's most loving subjects one to do towards another.

"Latimer, in some of his printed sermons, complained that the holy revenues were seized by the rich laity; that charity priests were presented to several cures, to excuse the patrons from paying their pensions; that many benefices were let out in fee farms by secular men, or else given to their servants as a consideration for keeping their hounds, hawks, and horses; and lastly, that the poor clergy were reduced to such short allowance, that they were forced to go to service, to turn clerks of the kitchen, surveyors, receivers, etc. Thus God was dishonored in his ministers, the church dissevered, and religion disgraced. However, there was no redress to be had. All this outrage and injustice was generally connived at by the great men." (Eccles. Hist.)

NEAL.—"The divines appointed to examine and reform the church, began with the sacrament of the Eucharist, in which they made but little

alteration, leaving the office of the mass as it stood, only adding to it so much as changes it into a communion in both kinds. Auricular confession was left indifferent." (Hist. of Puritans.)

BURNET.—"The sacrament was given in both kinds; first to the ministers present, then to all the people, with these words: '*The body of our Lord, which was given for thee, preserve thy body unto life everlasting, and the blood, etc., which was shed for thee, preserve thy soul to life everlasting.*' Some censured these words, 'the body being given for preserving the body and the blood of Christ for preserving the soul.' This was thought done on design to possess the people with an high value of the chalice, as that which preserved their *souls;* whereas the bread was only for the preservation of their *bodies.* But Cranmer being *ready to change anything,* did afterwards so alter it, that in both it was said, *Preserve thy body and soul.*"

COLLIER.—"This form being approved by the privy council, was published with the King's proclamation: 'We would not,' says the King, 'have our subjects so much to mistake our judgment, so much to mistrust our zeal; as though we either could not discern what was to be done, or would not do all things in due time. God be praised, we know both what by his word is meet to be redressed, and have an earnest mind with all diligence and convenient speed, to set forth the same,' etc. The King was but ten years old, and therefore to suppose him a judge in controversy thus early, and make him say he knew what was fit to be done was somewhat extraordinary. People would not easily believe that a prince, so much within his childhood, should be furnished with learning, and grown up to that maturity of judgment, as to be in a condition to pronounce upon articles of faith, and to settle the discipline and worship of the church. Farther, by the proclamation it appears, the people in many places thought themselves wise enough to strike out a scheme of religion; and thus presuming on their abilities, they practiced upon their private fancies, and had not patience to stay the leisure either of church or state. In some places they ran from the extreme of superstition to that of profaneness. The Holy Eucharist was mentioned with disregard; the consecrated elements thrown out of the church, together with many other instances of irreligious outrage. Even some of the licensed preachers did not answer expectation, but declaimed against the King's proceedings no less than the rest. To remedy this inconvenience, the King and council resolved upon the drawing up of a public liturgy." (Eccles. Hist.)

NEAL.—"The Parliament, after several prorogations, met on the 24th of November, 1548, and on the 15th of January following, the act confirming the new liturgy passed both houses; the bishop of London, Durham, Norwich, Carlisle, Hereford, Worcester, Westminster, and Chichester, protesting. The preamble sets forth, 'that the Archbishop of Canterbury, with other learned bishops and divines, having by *the aid of the Holy Ghost, with one uniform agreement,* concluded upon an order of divine worship, agreeable to Scripture and the primitive church, the Parliament having considered the book, gave the king their most humble thanks, and enacted, that from the feast of Whitsunday, 1549, all divine offices should be performed according to it; and that such of the clergy as refused to do it, or officiated in any other manner, should upon the first conviction suffer six months' imprisonment, and forfeit a year's profits of his benefice; for the second offence, forfeit all his church preferments, and suffer a year's imprisonment; and for the third offence, imprisonment for life. It ought to be observed, that this service-book was not laid before the Convocation

nor any representative body of the clergy; and whereas it is said to be done *by one uniform agreement*, it is certain that four of the bishops employed in drawing it up protested against it. But if the liturgy had been more perfect than it was, the penalties by which it was imposed were severe and unchristian, contrary to Scripture and primitive antiquity.'" (Hist of Puritans.)

HEYLIN.—"Here the business might have rested, if Calvin's pragmatical spirit had not interposed. He first began to quarrel at some passages in this sacred liturgy; and afterwards never left soliciting the Protector, and practicing by his agents on the court, the country, and the universities, till he had laid the first foundation of the Zwinglian faction, who labored for nothing more than innovation both in doctrine and discipline, to which they were encouraged by nothing more than by some improvident indulgence granted unto John A. Lasco; who bringing with him a mixed multitude of Poles and Germans, obtained the privilege of a church for himself and his, distinct in government and forms of worship from the English establishment. This gives a powerful animation to the Zwinglian gospellers to practice first upon the church; who being countenanced by the Earl of Warwick, first quarrelled with the Episcopal habit, and afterwards inveighed against caps and surplices, against gowns and tippets; but fell at last upon the altars, which were left standing in all the churches by the rules of the liturgy." (Pref. to Hist.)

SOUTHEY.—"An alteration which was not essential upon the fundamental principles of the Protestant Reformation, tended to disgust the adherents of the Catholic Church, who certainly were still the great majority of the people. They who abhorred the altar, were likely soon to treat the table with irreverence. There was also the farther evil, that fresh opportunity was given for sacrilegious pillage." (Book of the Church.)

HEYLIN.—"The touching on this string made excellent music to most of the grandees of the court, who had before cast many an envious eye on those costly hangings, the massy plate, and other rich and precious utensils, which adorned those altars. And what need of all this waste? said Judas, when one poor chalice only, and perhaps not that, might have served the turn. Besides, there was no small spoil to be made of capes, in which the priest officiated at the holy sacrament, some of them being made of cloth of tissue, of cloth of gold and silver, or embroidered velvet; the meanest being made of silk, or satin, with some decent trimming. And might not these be handsomely converted into private uses, to serve as carpets for their tables, coverlets to their beds, or cushions for their chairs or windows. Hereupon some rude people are encouraged underhandedly to beat down some altars, which makes way for an order of the council to take down the rest and set up a table in their places; followed by a commission, to be executed in all parts of the kingdom, for seizing on the premises to the use of the king. But as the grandees of the court intended to defraud the king of so great a booty, and the commissioners to put a cheat upon the court lords who employed them in it, so they were both prevented in some places by the lords and gentry of the country, who thought the altar cloths, together with the capes and plate of their several churches, to be as necessary for themselves as for any others." (Pref. to Hist. of the Reformation.)

# SAINT PATRICK,

## HIS LIFE AND APOSTOLIC LABORS.

Saint Patrick, the great apostle and primate of Ireland, whose anniversary is solemnly and religiously celebrated by the Irish people and the Irish priesthood throughout the whole civilized world on the 17th of March, was born, according to the generally received chronology, in the year A. D. 387. His father, Calphurnius, was a native of Armoric Gaul; and his mother, Conchessa, is said to have been sister, or niece, to St. Martin of Tours. They dwelt in that part of France where Boulogne-sur-mer now stands. It was here the Saint was born; and here he lived until in 403, in the sixteenth year of his age, he was captured by King Nial, in one of his marauding incursions on the coast of Gaul, and by him carried as a slave to Ireland. Patrick's master, a certain Milcho, who inhabited a district called Dalaradia, in the county Antrim, employed him in herding his flocks. If in his early youth the Saint was less careful about fulfilling the duties of the Christian religion, the hardships and cruelty which he experienced in his servitude constrained him to turn his thoughts heavenward, and inspired him with an ardent desire of loving, serving, and pleasing God. He made a practice to say "a hundred prayers by day, and as many more with additional devotion by night."

Having served Milcho for six years, he was one night favored with a vision, and he tells us in his "Confessions," that he heard a voice saying to him: "Patrick, thou fastest well, and soon shalt go to thine own country. Behold, a ship is ready for thee!"

Patrick obeyed. He proceeded to the coast, whence a ship was about to sail, in which, with some difficulty, he obtained a passage. He landed at a place called Treguier, in Brittany. This was in 410. The Saint, now in his twenty-second year, formed the resolution of embracing the ecclesiastical state, and, in order to acquire the knowledge requisite for this dignity, he retired to the celebrated monastery or college of St. Martin of Tours, where he spent four years in study and contemplation.

In 415, whilst on a visit to his parents, he was again made captive; but this second captivity lasted only sixty days. Soon after his return, he was favored with another vision, in which his great mission, the conversion of Ireland, was clearly indicated.

"I saw in a nocturnal vision," says the Saint, "a man coming as if from Ireland, whose name was Victoricius, with innumerable letters, one of which he handed to me; on reading the beginning of it, I found it contained these words: 'The voice of the Irish.' And while reading, I thought I heard the voice of persons from near the wood Foclut,* which is near the western sea. And they cried out as if with one voice: 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still amongst us!' And I was greatly affected in my heart, and could read no longer; then I awoke."

When about the age of thirty he placed himself under the direction of St. German of Auxerre, who sent him to finish his studies in one of his colleges in the island of Lerins. 'Twas here principally that St. Patrick acquired that vast amount of erudition and sacred knowledge which enabled him so successfully and so gloriously to vindicate and uphold the gospel of Jesus in his intellectual combats

* In Tirawley, County Mayo; the ancient Tir Amalgaid—Fiacc's Scholiast.

with the Irish Druids. It is generally believed that it was while he was at Lerins he received the celebrated staff called the Baculus Issu, or Staff of Jesus. This staff was preserved for many years as a precious relic in the Cathedral Church of Armagh. It was buried by the English in 1536.

Having spent nine years at Lerins, he joined St. German and St. Lupus of Troyes, who had been sent by Pope Celestine to eradicate the Pelagian heresy from Britain. Here the holy bishops became acquainted with the sad state of the Irish nation. Soon after their return to France, Patrick, in company with a priest, named Segetius, was sent to Rome, bearing from St. German letters of recommendation for the Irish mission.

Celestine received the Saint kindly, and readily appointed him to assist Palladius, whom he had just dispatched to convert the Irish.

Having obtained his appointment and the apostolical benediction, Patrick set out for the scene of his labors. He had proceeded as far as Eboria (probably Evereux in Normandy), when he was informed of the death of Palladius, and of the failure of his mission. On hearing the sad intelligence, Patrick had himself consecrated bishop by the venerable Amator, a prelate of great sanctity, then residing in the neighborhood of Eboria. After his consecration he continued his journey, passed through England, and together with Auxilius and Iserinus, two zealous and pious priests, whom he afterwards raised to the episcopate, the glorious apostle of the Irish nation reached the shores of Ireland, A.D. 432.

It is generally supposed that the Saint first landed at the mouth of the Dee, in County Wicklow; as he experienced serious resistance from the natives of that locality, he re-embarked, and sailed northward, towards the scene of his former bondage.

Arriving off the coast of the County Down, he again cast anchor, and landed with all his companions at a place called Lecale. They had advanced but a short distance into the country when they encountered the servants of Dicho, the lord of that territory, who, taking the Saint and his followers to be marauders, fled at their approach to inform their master of his supposed danger. Dicho armed all his retainers and sallied forth to meet them. But on ascertaining that the war which Patrick was about to wage was not a material but a spiritual warfare, that it was not a war of swords and bucklers, but of peace and charity, he relinquished his hostile intentions, and invited him to sup in his house. St. Patrick seized the opportunity of announcing the great truths of the gospel. Dicho and all his household believed and were baptized. The Saint celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in a barn, and the church which Dicho erected on its site was afterwards known as Stabhal Phadriuc or Patrick's Barn. Dicho was the first convert to the faith of Christ made by St. Patrick in Ireland. The glorious work was commenced. The conversion of Ireland was begun.

Having remained "not many days" at the house of Dicho, he set out by land to Antrim, to visit and convert his former master. But Milcho, who was an obstinate pagan, hearing of his intention, set fire to his house, and cast himself and his family into the flames. Patrick, nothing daunted by this second repulse, preached among his acquaintances in the adjacent districts with great success. Among his converts were Russ, son of Trichem, and a youth named Mochoe, who was afterwards raised to the episcopal see of Antrim.

Just at this time the high king Laeghairé (Leary) was holding a convocation or parliament of all the Druids, Bards, Legislators, and Jurisconsults of the nation in his palace

at Tara. St. Patrick resolved to be present at this great national assembly, and to celebrate in its midst the festival of Easter, which was now approaching. He resolved, with one bold stroke, to paralyze the efforts of the Druids, by sapping the centre of their power, and to plant the standard of the cross on the royal hill of Tara, the citadel of Ireland. And he succeeded. He appeared before the council. He announced the object of his mission. He expounded the sublime truths of the Gospel to his enraptured audience with such heavenly unction and angelic sweetness, and proved their veracity by such overwhelming and incontrovertible arguments, that not only the princes but many of the Druids themselves, believed, and threw themselves at the feet of the Apostle. Some writers assert that the monarch Laeghairé was also converted; but their statement has not been substantiated. 'Tis certain, however, that he gave the Saint permission to preach his doctrine to the people.

On the following day, Easter Monday, the great national games commenced at Taillten. They lasted a whole week, and were attended by crowds from all parts of the island. St. Patrick took advantage of this opportunity, and the result of his preaching on this occasion was the conversion of thousands to the true faith.

It is not our intention to narrate all the places visited, all the churches founded, all the priests and bishops ordained and consecrated, all the miracles performed by our Saint in the course of his apostolical mission. We will merely mention some of the more important and remarkable.

Having preached for a considerable time in Meath, with his usual success, and having miraculously destroyed Crom Cruach, the great idol of the nation, which was religiously worshipped at Magh Slecht, he entered Connaught in 435. 'Twas while he was in Connaught he converted Ethnea and Fethlimia, daughters of Laeghairé the Ard Righ. One morning, as the Saint and his companions, clad in their white robes, were walking by Rath Cruaghan, chanting their matins, they met with the princesses, who were coming to bathe in a well in the vicinity. The royal ladies, struck by their extraordinary appearance and strange language, took them for beings of another world, and timidly asked, "Who are ye? Are ye of the sea, the heavens, or the earth?"

St. Patrick explained to them such mysteries as he considered best suited for the occasion. He impressed on them particularly the existence of one only true God.

"But where," they asked, "does your God dwell? Is it in the sun, or on the earth? In mountains or in valleys? In the sea, or in rivers? Is he rich? Is he young, or old? Has he sons and daughters, and are they handsome?"

These queries afforded the Apostle an opportunity of explaining to them the nature of God, his immensity, his goodness, his mercy, his incarnation, his death upon the cross, for the redemption of lost man, etc. The princesses were astonished and delighted, and were immediately baptized at the well. It is related that they took the veil in a short time after, and consecrated their youthful souls to their heavenly spouse.

Passing through and evangelizing the counties Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo, he came to Tirawley, whence he had heard the voice of the Irish call him. Here his labors were crowned with extraordinary success. Princes and people received the faith, and demanded the grace of baptism.

From Connaught St. Patrick proceeded to Ulster, where, though his mission was of short duration, it was, nevertheless, very successful. The number of churches related by his biographers to have been erected by him is almost incredible.

The two northern provinces being thus evangelized, the Saint directed his steps towards the south. Passing through Stabhal Phadriuc, or, as it is generally called, Saull, where he remained a short time to recruit his strength and consolidate the Church, he entered the province of Leinster about the year 443. At Naas, the residence of the kings of the province, he baptized Illand and Alild, sons of King Dunlung, both of whom became afterwards sovereigns of Leinster. He visited the arch-poet Dubtach at his residence in Hy-Kinsella, a district now comprised in the County Carlow. Dubtach, who had been converted at Tara, was sincerely attached to the Saint, and entertained him very hospitably. During his sojourn with Dubtach he baptized and conferred the ecclesiastical Order of Tonsure on Fiacc, a young man of gentle blood, who was afterwards raised to the episcopacy of Slettay, where he has always been held in great veneration. He was the first Leinster man raised to the episcopal dignity.

In 445 St. Patrick passed to Munster, and proceeded at once to "Cashel of the Kings." Aengus, who was King of Munster, went forth with all his court to meet the Saint, and having welcomed him with great respect and cordiality, conducted him to his palace. This prince had already been instructed in the principles of the Christian faith, and the day following the Saint's arrival was fixed for his baptism. During its administration there occurred a very remarkable incident, and one highly characteristic of the Christian patience and fortitude of our old convert kings. As the Saint was about celebrating the rite, he planted his crozier, the Bachall Iesu, firmly in the ground by his side; but before reaching the ground it pierced the king's foot and pinned it to the earth. Aengus never winced, though the wound must have caused him intense pain. St. Patrick did not become aware of his mistake until the ceremony was over.

The Saint immediately expressed his deep regret that such a painful accident should have occurred; but the king meekly replied that he considered it part of the ceremony, and that he was ready and willing to endure far greater sufferings for the glory of Jesus Christ.

In Ormond the Apostle was very hospitably received by Lonan, prince of that territory, thousands of whose subjects embraced the true faith. When the Saint was in Hy-Figeinte, crowds crossed the Shannon in their *curaghs*, and were baptized in that majestic river. On leaving Munster, at the earnest entreaty of the inhabitants, St. Patrick ascended a hill, now called Enoc Patrick, which commanded a view of all Dalcassia, and from its summit imparted his Apostolic Benediction to the entire territory.

Thus was Ireland evangelized. Thus did St. Patrick, unfolding the banner of the cross, donning the buckler of faith, and drawing the sword of eloquence, march triumphantly through the land, everywhere preaching, everywhere instructing, everywhere converting, everywhere baptizing; ordaining priests, consecrating bishops, erecting churches, working miracles, etc., until he completely eradicated the pagan superstition, overthrew their altars, and laid their idols prostate at the foot of the cross.

It is very peculiar that this great revolution, this conversion of an entire nation from Paganism to Christianity, was accomplished without one drop of martyr's blood, except in the single incident above narrated, when

> The royal foot transpierced, the gushing blood
> Enriched the pavement with a noble flood.

Of St. Patrick it may be truly said that his weakness constituted his strength. Had he come into the country with a powerful army to enforce his word, there is not one of these

warriors who would not have spilled the last drop of his blood sooner than respect his authority. But the apparent helplessness of the Saint, and the ease and gentleness with which he enforced his precepts, were calculated to affect the minds of a people of lively and religious imagination. He came not surrounded with the pomp and circumstances of worldly grandeur, but in the spirit of poverty and humility, in the power of the Lord who directed him, by whom he was enabled to triumph over the powers of darkness, and to carry into effect the greatest moral revolution ever accomplished by a human being.

Returning from his Munster mission, St. Patrick passed through the territory of Ui-Failghe in the King's County. Here a Pagan chieftain, called Berraidhe, concocted a scheme of murdering him. But this nefarious design coming to the knowledge of Odran, the Saint's charioteer, he feigned sickness, and prevailed on the Apostle to change places, and even to give him his episcopal cloak and mitre. Thus they journeyed on until, passing the ambuscade of their enemy, the spear of the murderer was buried in the generous heart of Odran. He was the first of a long list of glorious martyrs who, centuries afterwards, sealed their adherence to the faith of their forefathers with their hearts' best blood.

In 455 St. Patrick founded the primatial See of Armagh, and erected its magnificent cathedral on a commanding eminence in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Palace of Emania. Religious houses for both sexes were established convenient to the church, and were soon filled with ardent and devoted subjects.

The remainder of the Saint's life was spent principally at his favorite retreat of Saull. Here he wrote his *Confessions*, and drew up rules for the regulation and consolidation of the new ecclesiastical state.

When he felt that the time of his dissolution was near, he ordered himself to be conveyed to Armagh, that he might breathe his last sigh in the ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland. But on his journey thither an angel appeared to him, and desired him to return to Saull. And here, in the scene of his early apostolical labors, and in the midst of his early converts, on Wednesday, the 17th of March, in the year of our Lord 465, the pure soul of the great Apostle winged its way from its terrestrial prison to the celestial mansions of eternal bliss.

The news of the Saint's death was everywhere received with intense sorrow. Prelates and clergy flocked from all quarters to be present at the funeral obsequies, which were celebrated with unusual magnificence and splendor. Masses almost without number were offered up in commemoration of the Apostle; and not only the day, but even the entire night, was spent by the assembled priests in psalmody and prayer. The funeral service lasted twelve days; and so great was the profusion of lights and torches, "that darkness was dispelled, and the whole night seemed to be one day." There arose a warm dispute between the inhabitants of Armagh and the Ulidians, or people of Down, as to where the Saint should be interred. It was, however, finally decided that he should be buried in Down, and a great part of his reliques conveyed to Armagh. Having thus paid the last solemn tribute of love and veneration to the remains of their dearly beloved Apostle, and each taking as a sacred souvenir a small portion of clay from his hallowed grave, the priests and prelates of bereaved Erin sadly returned to their homes.

Thus was Ireland evangelized. Thus was Ireland converted. The soil in which St. Patrick planted the Gospel seed was not a barren soil, but indigenous and fruitful. For the body of the Saint was scarcely deposited in the grave when the green

bosom of Erin was studded with cathedrals, churches, and monasteries, convents, schools, and colleges, with such rapidity and in such numbers as to be without parallel in the annals of the world. Students from all parts of Europe flocked in crowds to her seminaries to acquire that knowledge and that mental culture which could not be obtained elsewhere. Not only was Ireland learned and holy, she was also apostolic. In the isles of Scotland, or at the mouth of the Loire; in the fens of England, or at the feet of the Alps, zealous Irish missionaries were to be found preaching, exhorting, instructing, and laboring strenuously to spread the light of science and virtue throughout Europe. In short, so great became Ireland's reputation for sanctity and science, that, in a few years after the death of her Apostle, she was known to the Continental countries only as *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*, "the island of Saints and of Doctors." May God, in His infinite mercy, grant that she may long continue to merit that glorious appellation.

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## A HERO IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

Jean Cordin was the son of a peasant, but if of lowly birth, his father had been a man of strict integrity and unswerving fidelity; as a soldier, he had done his duty more than bravely, having on one occasion risked his life to save that of his commanding officer. M. le Général Comte de Vardier had never forgotten this touching instance of his attachment for his person, and when the poor fellow was dying he had sat beside his bed administering all the consolation in his power, and as he received his last sigh had promised always to care for the little son he had now left an orphan.

From that day, accordingly, Jean was removed, sobbing indeed as if his heart would break, from beside his father's remains, to become an inmate of the General's chateau. His good master kept his promise truly, and had the boy instructed in all that would make him good and useful, fostering with care the excellent principles the child had inherited from his father, so that he soon became a universal favorite in the household. Zealous, trustworthy, and intelligent, as he grew older, the General could always confide to him the most important missions. How proud such a lad would be of these proofs of his master's high opinion it is needless to say, and so enthusiastic was the attachment with which he reciprocated it, that, had he but had the courage, he would have given his very life for him.

This, alas! however, was poor Jean's weak point, he had *no* courage, and with all his excellent qualities, he was of so gentle and timid a nature that it had been found impossible, whether by raillery, remonstrance, or encouragement, to inspire him with the smallest spirit of bravery.

It may be supposed that as Jean approached the age which made him eligible for the calling of a soldier the coming of the inevitable conscription was awaited with considerable apprehension by the Count and his household, and with insuperable awe by the boy himself. The former, it is true, looked to circumstances to accomplish what education had failed to produce, and the latter could only fall back, trembling, and in secret even weeping, on the forlorn hope that he might draw a "lucky" number.

Such, however, is the "left-handedness of human affairs" that *luck* refused to have anything to do with the matter, and among those whose fate called on them to meet the claims of their country the very "worst" number was that which fell to the hapless Jean Cordin!

Jean was in a woful plight. Still when he saw that he, of all the lads who shared his fate, was the only one who trembled at the future he foresaw, he forbore to betray his pusillanimous sentiments, and for shame's sake summoned sufficient energy to assume a calm and composed countenance. If, therefore, it was with a melancholy foreboding that he bade adieu to the friends of his childhood, and looked his last at the hospitable roof that had so generously sheltered him, he contrived not to give way to his emotion; but, no sooner did he find himself alone and out of sight of his new comrades, than all this forced equanimity forsook him, and he fairly broke down beneath the weight of this first separation, and the ominous terrors which beset him.

Fortunately, perhaps, for our reluctant recruit there was neither time nor opportunity for indulging such feelings in those stirring days when war was the rule and peace the exception, when aggression was the habit of mind of the *Chef de l'Etat*, glory the "*gloria paucorum*" indeed —the egotistical and ill-considered object of his life, and bloodshed the iniquitous result. Battle followed so rapidly on battle that there was scarcely time so much as to drill the raw peasant-lads, who, pressed unprepared into the service, were fain to fight as best they could, and whose only chance was to substitute valor and enthusiasm (when they could muster it) for experience and skill.

Jean had been but a short time in the ranks when his regiment was ordered to the Peninsula, and he found himself in the midst of work —work of which he had hitherto formed no idea and for which he certainly had no proclivities. On the evening of the arrival of the troops at their destination, it was reported at the bivouac that there was to be an engagement the very next day, and too surely was this rumor confirmed. Not many hours after, Jean found himself in the midst of the fire. The horror and novelty of the situation seemed to deprive him of his faculties; bewildered by all that surrounded him, and terrified by the dangers he apprehended, the wretched lad felt himself powerless to fight, and dropping his musket he slid from the ranks and deliberately took to his heels. Escape, however, was not so easy, and as he fled he was pursued, overtaken, and captured. Handcuffing and imprisonment followed, and at the first breathing-time of the authorities he was carried before a court-martial, tried, and condemned to death!

His good master, apprised of these melancholy details, betook himself at once to the military prison where the lad was confined, and found him, naturally enough, in the most abject condition. The poor fellow, who was nevertheless full of excellent qualities, had not in him the stuff of a soldier; for, utterly indifferent as to assuming a semblance of valor, he threw himself at his master's feet, and cried like a child; then raising towards him, in the most piteous way, his wan face, he asked in lamentable tones why he could not have been left to serve his country in some of the peaceful arts for which he was fitted, instead of being forced into a profession for which he had no aptitude. He even declared, that the moment he quitted his post he was perfectly unconscious of what he had done.

"O, Monsieur le Comte, O, mon bon Général!" said he in broken accents, "I was so happy in your honored service. There was nothing within my capacity that I was not ready to do for you, and you know

that I always did my best, no matter what trouble it cost me, so that I could but satisfy you. Don't desert me now, good sir. . . . Life, as I knew it under your protection, was so peaceful, so calm, so happy! Must I say good-bye to it all at eighteen! I never hurt anybody in my life, not even an animal, and must I be shot dead by my own comrades to whom I have always rendered all the services I could! . . . I did not want to be a soldier—I knew I was not fit for fighting," he continued, as he embraced the knees of the venerable officer. The latter, mastering his emotion, endeavored to reason with the unhappy youth, showing him that as every citizen enjoyed the benefit of a protecting army, none should shrink from sharing in the danger incurred in maintaining that defence; but, alas! he knew too well that however sound his logic, his premises were false; for the war in question was purely aggressive, and not a drop of blood shed in its behalf but might have been spared, not a heart broken by that bloodshed but might have been made to bless instead of cursing the name of Napoleon.

It was all in vain, however, that he poured out his well-meant exhortations on the wretched recruit. As Jean had truly said, it wasn't in him, and the good General found the visiting hour had expired before he had produced the slightest impression on him. With a sad heart therefore it was that he turned away, promising that his best influence should be exerted, as far as it went; yet bidding him build no hopes on the result, but rather receive the Sacraments, go to confession, and prepare for eternity as fervently as he could. The General was as good as his word. He repaired at once, though with but faint hopes of success, to the residence of Maréchal Soult. Having obtained an interview, he represented the case with all its extenuations; but the Marshal, as he indeed expected, only replied by appealing to his own judgment and experience as an officer, and asking him whether he really thought, in the face of the army, such an offence could possibly admit of pardon. The General was silenced, and probably also convinced; but when he withdrew from the Marshal's presence it was not with the intention as yet of abandoning the cause he had taken in hand, and he resolved to go straight to the Emperor himself, from whom, as the gratuitous cause of so much misery, he hoped to obtain one compensatory act of clemency in behalf of the servant who had always been so true to him.

Jean had meantime been led back into his little cell, and there left to his own gloomy introspections; he had sunk down in an attitude of utter despondency on his hard bed, where he lay lost in the thoughts of his coming doom. Presently he drew from his pocket his rosary, and fastening his gaze on the crucifix endeavored in vain to recall the exhortations of the chaplain who had heard his confession, and to offer up his sufferings to Him who also had undergone an unjust and ignominious death.

While thus occupied the day had grown darker, and the shades of evening fast gathering in had added their gloom to the forebodings of the unhappy prisoner, when the tread of steps along the corridor awoke his attention; in such circumstances almost any sound that diverts the thoughts from the one preoccupation is a relief, and a sudden flush animated his pale and tear-stained face; he listened, and his heart beat rapidly as he discerned that some one was approaching: would they pass on?—yes—no, the key grated in the lock, the door opened, and no other than the General stood before him. With an energy of which a few minutes before he would have thought himself incapable, Jean sprang to his feet, and looking into his master's benevolent eyes tried to

read in their expression the secret on which depended life or death.

The kind face wore a gentle smile which went far to reassure the poor fellow, who now saw in the embarrassment which seemed to suspend his master's utterance, the hesitation of one who fears too suddenly to substitute good tidings for bad, and to change at one touch the shadow of the grave for the sunshine of life.

"Ah, mon Général, mon bon Général!" exclaimed Jean in an ecstasy of hope, "I know, I feel you are bringing me joyful news—you have—you have obtained—a reprieve?—perhaps a commutation?—or perhaps even—oh, what am I saying!—can it be possible you are bringing me a par—" but the reaction had been too great, the unfinished word died on the poor boy's lips, and he fell back in a swoon.

The General's distress was serious; he even felt reluctant to call him back from his comparatively happy unconsciousness, and was more perplexed than ever how to address him. When Jean recovered himself, however, he exacted from him a promise to be more manly and self-possessed, and then at his earnest request proceeded to relate to him his ill success with the Commander-in-Chief, and the extreme difficulty he had had in obtaining an audience of the Emperor, to whom he had found that so much as to speak of commuting the punishment of a deserter was an unheard of thing. "You must perceive, Jean," he continued in the gentlest and most considerate tone, "that offences such as yours must inevitably be dealt with severely, and that military discipline must needs be enforced by military laws." He paused as he saw the effect of his words: Jean's face had once more become wan and his lips bloodless; the General heaved a deep sigh, but he had taken his resolution, and he now added hastily: "Wait to the end; if therefore in your case a very special and unheard of mercy has been exercised, the circumstances under which alone it can be accorded are such as in a soldier's eyes to be scarcely short of death itself; you will undergo every detail of the deserter's punishment, beginning with the terrible infamy of degradation from the military profession, and it will only be after suffering the very semblance of death that you will be released."

The General ceased speaking, and looked keenly at Jean, who, rescued as it were from the very jaws of death, gave vent to his joy and gratitude with the most extravagant demonstrations; the threatened disgrace had no terror for him; military ambition was a sentiment to which his heart had never expanded, and he looked on glory with the indifference of a philosopher. Life—life in its springtime, with all its budding possibilities unopened, was once more before him, and never had it seemed so precious as now.

Those only who have been relieved from the deadly terror of approaching doom can picture to themselves the reactionary result on the mind of Jean Cordin; he fell at his master's feet unable to utter a word, and as the latter drew back distressed at the demonstrative gratitude he had felt must come, but had used every effort to repress, the poor fellow stooped and kissed the very ground on which he had trodden.

"Come, come, Jean," said the worthy officer, who, veteran as he was, stood moved at the sight; "this is not manly, you must assert the dignity of your sex, and not give way to these impulses of a weak nature as if you were a girl; I pray you let me see more firmness of character and equanimity whether under adversity or prosperity."

Jean tried to listen with respect to these and other more serious exhortations, but it was difficult to control the emotions of his heart, and almost before the General had done speaking he had flown back to

the subject which had absorbed him.

"Can it indeed be true?" said he. "O my good master, a second time you have been a father to me, you have given me a second life; that life shall be devoted to you and, much as I dread death, I could lay it down to serve you."

"What," exclaimed his master, as if struck by a sudden thought, "do you truly mean that at my bidding you would make, and bravely, the sacrifice of your life?"

At this question, seriously asked, Jean turned ashy pale, and the General instantly repented of his words as he noted their effect on the simple youth but now so elated.

"O master!" said he, and there were tears in his choking voice, "I did mean it, indeed I did; and if you take me at my word I will not go back from what I said; only let me live just a little while first. I am so young to die, and Jeannette will be so unhappy; let me go back to the dear old château and see it once more, and watch the sun, the beautiful sun, rise over the meadows, and hear again the morning sounds of the farm-yard; let me again behold the last rays of the red evening light behind the dark forest; let me set my foot once again within the old village church and kneel at the altar where I made my first communion; let me again visit my father's grave, and say good-bye to my little Jeannette—and—" Here poor Jean completely broke down, and the General had some difficulty in overcoming his own emotion, but he contrived to say in his natural accents:

"Jean, my lad, this is childish; how can you think I would accept your life either now or at any time? I should be glad to see you more brave for your own sake; and the only sacrifice I ask of you is that you will, after offering the remainder of your days, whether more or fewer, not to me, but to your Maker, nerve yourself to undergo with becoming fortitude the terrible penance you have understood you are to suffer."

The prisoner, whose excitement was considerably modified by the deliberate seriousness of his master's words, promised faithfully that he should be satisfied with him on the solemn occasion, and taking an affectionate leave of him the good General hurried away.

The morning came, and with it to Jean Cordin the waking recollections of his commuted punishment. He rose hastily, and devoutly performed his morning devotions. Scarcely was he dressed before he heard the approaching footsteps of the jailer followed closely by those who were to take him in hand. The *toilette* of the convict, as it is called, was the preliminary process, and to this Jean consigned himself, but not without a shudder, for he could not in the face of this image of death forget how narrowly he had escaped the reality. However, fortifying himself with the remembrance of his promise, and the comforting reflection that it would soon be over, he placed himself in the hands of his comrades. His eyes were bandaged, and he was led out: arrived in front of the regiment, they were ordered to halt; the sentence was read, and Jean was formally declared unworthy to serve. Well, indeed, may the punishment of *dégradation* be looked upon by the French soldier as scarcely less terrible than death itself. Jean listened to this reading in a calm and becoming attitude, so that those present could not but be edified by the modest, humbled, and yet self-possessed demeanor they had so little expected to witness in him. A gendârme now approached, and a thrill of horror seemed to make the whole body of men quiver as, with a determination as inexorable as that of justice itself, he tore off one by one the buttons of the lad's uniform, and deprived him of all the insignia of his military profession. The *Aumonier* was by his side continuing to exhort him to

resignation, and he now placed the crucifix in his hands, which Jean carried piously to his lips, but to the astonishment of his comrades, without betraying the slightest emotion. At the command to kneel he obeyed without wavering, and the *Aumonier* having embraced him with an inward admiration at his firmness and bravery, withdrew to a short distance and knelt in prayer. There was an awful silence.

"*Portez, Armes!—Apprêtez, Armes!*"—shouted in stentorian accents of command the practiced voice of a non-commissioned officer; there was another pause; the prisoner retained his unflinching attitude. Could this be *Jean le poltron* whose desertion had surprised no one in the regiment?

A third time the voice of the sergeant was heard: "*En joue—Feu!*" said he—but the prisoner moved not; in less than ten seconds the awful explosion sent terror into every heart, for honest, confiding Jean Cordin had fallen back a corpse!

His good master, whose indefatigable efforts had proved unavailing to save the life of his hapless servant, had done the best he could for him; he had at least removed the sting of death during his last hours, and had obtained for his memory the respect and admiration of his regiment. He had created an opportunity for him to redeem his character, for, after all, "Jean Cordin the coward" had died the death of a hero!

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## LIBERTY AND LICENSE OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

It is a very mild assertion, to say that there is such a thing as truth in matters of religion. I venture on that assertion. By it I do not mean to imply that Christianity is true, or that Buddhism is true, or that any religion hitherto taught is true, but only that, upon the subject of religion as upon every other subject, certain definite propositions, known or unknown, are true, and all beside them are false.

As to what these true propositions on the matter of religion are, some men feel an internal certainty, while others are uncertain. Of religious uncertainty we have proof in every newspaper that we open, in every third book that we read; we hear it, we see it, the air is impregnated with it. Religious certainty is written plainly in the deaths of the martyrs and in the lives of the saints. A man does not die for a surmise, but for a conviction; neither does he lead a life which is a continual death, such as that of St. Peter of Alcantara, for a mere opinion. If a man's witness of himself may ever be accepted, the humblest Catholic can settle this issue. He will emphatically declare that he is not more certain of the sun being in the heavens, than of the fact that God has made him and redeemed him and wills his salvation.

Religious truth, in the eyes of those who firmly believe it, is of supreme importance above all other truths. In their eyes, I say, for in their works this supremacy is not always made manifest. There you may behold a man behaving like the beast that perishes; yet all the while he thoroughly accepts at heart the truth of the Apostle's saying, that the time is short, and that it remains for such as use this world to be as though they used it not, since the figure of this world passes away. It

is a singular instance of an *a priori* theory overriding all actual experience, that philosophers and theologians have risen up to teach that belief without practice is null and unreal. "This world is too much with us," as the poet complains; nevertheless, in the midst of its blandishments, and in the midst of our own guilty dalliances with it, faith carries our gaze to other goods and other evils, other aims and another rest, and we are deeply, strongly sure that we are being overreached and fascinated and cajoled by a fading present enjoyment.

Surely, to a believer in them, these are no indifferent tidings: that there is a God, Creator of all; that man is made solely to serve Him; that the things which man uses are, by rights, mere instruments to that service; that sin is justly punished with everlasting fire; that man has sinned; that he has been redeemed by God's becoming man and dying for him; that this God become Man is the rightful Head of mankind, and the Church his body; and that out of the Church there is no salvation. Whoever feels certain of these facts, will be zealous about them. He will be in no humor to hear them denied or argued against: least of all, will he like to hear them treated as idle questions, slighted and pooh-poohed. He will not look upon religious speculation as a field of intellectual gymnastics, where the exercise, and the vigor thence resulting, are more valuable than the work done. He will be less concerned that men should reason about religion than that they should believe aright.

Imagine, for a parallel case, a messenger coming in with this story: "There is an association forming all over the earth, in Spain, France, Italy, England, and Germany, in the United States and Australia, in Russia, and in China. The aim of this association is to pull down altar and throne, to destroy the rights of property, to dissolve the sanctity of marriage, to rob youth of innocence and age of consolation, to batter and break to pieces all powers besides its own, and on the ruins to raise a tyranny, compared with which Xerxes's yoke would have been sweet, and Solyman's burden light." We might, indeed, receive this message, as we do Dr. Cumming's prophecies, with a smile and a shrug of unconcerned incredulity. We might wonder how the bearer of it ever came to believe it. But, at least, we should understand his treating it seriously, his trying to impress it upon others, his intolerance of contradiction, his sensitiveness to scorn. He at any rate has not spoken, "to interest youths, and afford matter for speechifying." He would be ill pleased to see his case lightly taken up by a debating club, pulled to this side and to that with argumentative pincers, and finally remanded for further torture, or dismissed as an exhausted theme. He would be apt to reckon the opponents of his word for homicides—well-meaning, justifiable homicides, possibly, but still, so far as speech can kill, slayers of men.

And this illustrates something of a Catholic's mind about liberty of religious thought. Whoever possesses internal certainty, what religion is right and what is wrong, will be zealous for the right, and will enforce it, under certain circumstances, even to the peremptory forbidding of contradiction. If he is sincere in his certainty, and acts up to his faith, he cannot do otherwise. A Catholic father, therefore, imparts dogmatically to his children the teaching of the Church, in which he himself is an unswerving believer. As he tells his child that lying is unfair, that cruelty is inhuman, that intemperance is beastly, and that all those acts are wrong, he further explains to him the Apostles' Creed, and forbids him to doubt the doctrines there contained: he is as positive in the field of dogma as in that of morality. The Catholic youth, inheriting the

faith of his father, reads infidel books and engages in infidel society, as such, reluctantly and only for good reasons; he is loath to make such reading and such company his ordinary resort, and he approaches it armed with a resolution not to be moved by the skeptical cavils with which his faith is about to be tried. The Catholic state, all whose subjects are Catholics, enacts laws to hinder anti-Catholic principles from gaining a footing amongst them. In Rome, while the Popes reigned there, restrictions were laid on the Protestant worship. The Papal government could do no less, thoroughly convinced as it was that its people were already in the right concerning the all-important, practical science of religion. To a Protestant, the restriction looked very hard; but that was because he was a Protestant.

To say that misbelief should be kept out of a Catholic state by legislative means, is not to justify whatever legislation has been employed or is employable to that end. I execrate that horrible statute, *de hæretico comburendo.* I will not prose about the inhumanity of the burning of heretics; hanging and flogging too are inhuman, war is inhuman, drawing of teeth is inhuman, yet these and the like cruelties are necessary and proper sometimes. But the misery of all such cruelty is that it is a pernicious cruelty; new heretics arise like phœnixes from the ashes of the pyre, if not in that country and age, at least in other times and places. The worst possible way to quell any species of religious enthusiasm is to give it martyrs. Next, perhaps, to the cowardice of the clergy, and the ignorance of the people of England in the sixteenth century, the fires in which Ridley and Latimer expired were the best propagators of the Reformation. And on the other hand, our martyred forefathers, Fisher and More and Campian and Postgate, are the war-cry of English Catholics at this hour. Enthusiasm is a thing to be quenched, not to be blown out; to blow it, is but to spread the flames. The modern persecutors of the Church have learned this lesson too well. They seem, however, to be growing careless of it as their triumph progresses, and in that there is some hope for us.

In a wholly Catholic country, then, where the Government and the people have an internal certitude of religious truth, the germs of dissent will be crushed and rendered abortive by the secular power, wearing an iron hand in a silken glove. There is no such country at present on the face of the globe. Very likely there never will be one again. There is no ideal Catholic state in existence; and many things are true of an ideal Catholic state, and of the position which the Church claims there, which are untrue of and ludicrously out of keeping with any polity that actually exists, or that we can ever expect to see established in our lifetime. Unfortunately, in every land at this day there are thousands of persons quite unsettled in their religious convictions, quite uncertain and undetermined what to believe about God and His Christ. Such is no age to close the door of religious inquiry; the steed is stolen, and the door must stand open, if the lost one is to return. To doubt and to be forbidden to search is to be condemned to a blind error. One who has the faith is forbidden to doubt about it. But one who has it not must seek to find it. He possesses, and must be allowed to exercise, the right of search. Inquiry is not only his right, but even his duty. The true policy, therefore, for existing governments is a policy of religious toleration.

To permit a thing is often tantamount to permitting the abuse of it. Thus we license beer-houses, and it seems we cannot provide that the liquor sold in them shall be, as their name supposes, a pure and simple decoction of malt and hops. Yet perhaps legal provision might be

made to insure us good beer. But when the genuine article and the counterfeit are only distinguished by the intention of the producer, the difficulty of allowing the one and prohibiting the other becomes, to the state, insurmountable. Hence, as liberty of thought has to be granted in all modern countries, license of thought cannot be legally repressed.

A man exercises liberty of religious thought, when, starting from uncertainty, he picks his way among articles and creeds, in an honest effort to find the truth. A man indulges in license of religious thought, when he delights in uncertainty, is afraid of dogma, and flits from opinion to opinion about the things of God, exulting in this changeableness, without concern for the truth of God. The former man is like a traveller lost on a moor: he goes this way and that, and often goes wrong, but he is anxious to go the right way to his house and home. The latter may be compared to a gipsy, who wanders up and down, all the moor being the same to him, and cares not where he goes. At a distance, there is no telling the gipsy from the traveller. The modern state sees its subjects from a distance, and cannot tell who of them is licentious, and who is rightfully free, in his theological speculations. So, as we need liberty, we must be content to put up with license of religious thought, so far as Government measures are concerned.

Still such license is a foolish and wicked thing, and deserves to be scouted with all the force that public opinion can command. How free-thinking impresses a Catholic, I have already endeavored to show. The agonies of a skilful surgeon, witnessing the reckless operations of a quack, are the faintest possible image of what a devout believer in the Athanasian Creed feels when he hears that sacred symbol discussed as a matter of no moment. But even to a mind that is uncertain about religion, license of thought on such a subject should appear a very grievous evil. Take that which has been for eighteen hundred years the question of questions, the divinity of Christ. Ask a Catholic, Are you sure Jesus Christ is God? He will answer, Yes. Ask now a doubter, Are you sure that Jesus Christ is not God? By the very nature of his position he will answer, No. What then if He is God? Surely the respondent must be mad, if he rejoins, No matter. To say that it makes no matter whether Christ be God or no, is to declare positively that there is no God—which is dogmatic atheism. And as of the Incarnation, so of the other Christian mysteries, the Trinity, Justification, Transubstantiation—to think heedlessly about them, to pretend that their truth or falsehood matters not, is to deny them downright, or else it is to behave like a madman. There is no sane or reasonable procedure in religious thought except dogmatism, and the search after dogma. By dogmatism I mean dogmatic theism or dogmatic atheism. A sensible man will make his choice between these alternatives, or at least he will strive to arrive at a choice between them; if he is undecided, he will bewail his state, not glory in it, feeling himself at a loss there where it is most important for him to have certainty.

# THE STORM.

## I.

DATE 1751.

ELEVEN o'clock, at night, had sounded from the Cathedral of St. Stephen's, the iron voice of time echoed far and wide through the still and deserted streets of the imperial city of Vienna, with the deep and solemn tone peculiar to that hour. At the sixth stroke of the hammer upon the bell, the door of a small obscure dwelling, against which a barber's sign trembled in the wind, was opened by the hand of a young man, apparently about nineteen years of age, and by a counter movement closed again with nicely calculated precision, in order that such slight noise might be lost, in the pealing echoes of the clock. But that sage precaution was rendered abortive by the indiscretion of the very party by whom it had been adopted. So that, as though some irresistible impulse, stronger than prudence itself, had made him forget that silence was necessary to secure his retreat, scarcely had he placed foot in the street, ere he trilled with clear and melodious voice an extempore stave, to which the booming of the clock served as a bass, and which he ended in a sharp C, several times repeated, whilst the bell-hammer struck the same note two octaves lower. The principal, or, to speak more correctly, the sole tenant of this dwelling, the barber, Keller, showed himself at the casement, and recognizing the singer,

"'Tis you, Joseph? I thought you had been within this long while. What are you at, my fine fellow, in the streets at such an hour?"

Without making a reply, and perhaps with a design to avoid the question, Joseph said to his interlocutor:

"With what sublime accents time speaks in the night, by means of these clocks; don't you think so, Master Keller? When all around is hushed and steeped in repose, the voice, which the intelligence of man has given to time, still mounts towards Heaven to glorify him, even as an homage rendered while he sleeps; and hence it is, religious minds can never under such thoughts and circumstances hear it without emotion."

"All very likely," replied the barber; "but these fine metaphysics don't explain to me the reason of your being in the street at this hour, singing away there like a night lark; you'll soon lose all the little voice you have left, and then, good-bye to your pupils."

"What matter, if I should become dumb," replied the young man; "the violin will sing for me. Do you really think, my friend, that I was created and brought into the world merely for the honor of the 'solfa'? The meed of the nightingale is merely the pittance of those who have neither the head nor the heart of a master. Be easy on that score, the airs that are humming through my head will never lack echoes for their repetition."

"True, Joseph, thou art a great musician, I well know. I have always said so from the first day I heard thee sing; and out of gratitude for the pleasure afforded me, have I lodged and boarded thee beneath my roof ever since thou wast expelled from the soprano class at St. Stephen's, for a boyish prank which merited not so severe a penance. But let not foolish ideas enter thy head; throw not away that which thou hast in thine head for an empty shadow." He reiterated his advice; but perceiving the young man was not lending the most attentive ear possible, he followed it up with

"Come, get indoors."

"That's impossible," said Joseph.

"And why, if it please you?"

"Because, far from wishing to come indoors, I was just taking my departure when you opened the casement."

"Heaven forgive me!" cried Keller, looking more attentively at him, "if thou hast not decked thyself gayly and wearest the black coat thou wert wont to keep for fête days only! Ah, Joseph, I fear me much thou art taking to bad courses, and that I have just surprised thee setting forth to some gallant adventure."

"Believe me, it is not so, good Master Keller; you full well know I have no other sweetheart than your daughter Anne; and, while I await my bride, have no other mistress than the sweet muse, who, wooing me even from the cradle, has taught me to express by song that which passes through my heart."

"Where are you going, then?"

"Under the balcony of a lady, it is true; but merely to ask her opinion touching the serenade I composed yesterday, and which I am going to execute with Georges and Grantz, who are waiting for me behind the church."

"And what lady is this?"

"The lovely Wilhelmina."

"The wife of the old Count de Storemberg! Know you her?"

"I know her not, save by name, and as a relative of the harlequin, Bernardone."

"The very same!"

"Really," said Joseph, laughing, "you treat me like a gossip customer. But they say the lady is a good musician, and, therefore, I hope, after having heard me, she will deign to open her window, and cry: 'Bravo! the serenade was well sung!' So good night to you, Master Keller. Here have we been half an hour already chatting together; my orchestra will become impatient; the night is cold, and that costume of yours seems somewhat too scanty for you prudently to remain longer with your elbows on the balcony; so, adieu! I have a presentiment I shall bring you back good tidings."

So saying, Joseph set off at full speed, and, turning off at the corner of the square, disappeared behind the church. The barber, casting up his eyes to heaven, with a half-sigh, betook himself to bed. The three young men traversed a considerable portion of the city, taking the road towards the Carinthian Theatre, of which the harlequin was manager.

They stopped before a window, from which a soft and tranquil light made its way through a double curtain of silk and gauze. The serenade commenced, was continued, and ended, without the slightest movement being observable within the chamber. The three disappointed musicians had already exchanged several glances with each other, when the door of the house opened, and the harlequin, Bernardone, appeared upon the threshold, and inquired of the singers whose music they had just executed.

"It is mine, signor," replied Joseph, "and, to speak frankly, as I thought it passable, I was desirous of offering the first essay to you and your wife."

"Thine, my good lad! Why, how old art thou? There is a very charming air in that serenade of thine, which has just caused a dispute to arise between my niece and a great personage, who honors us with his friendship, the Count Storemberg. The count, who is in an ill-humor this evening, I know not why, deems this air a very miserable composition; Wilhelmina declares it ravishing, and I have left them both at high words thereon. As for myself, the tune pleases me exceedingly. Arrange it for me as a dance; bring it me to-morrow, and I will pay you handsomely."

"Many thanks for your offer, signor; but the serenade shall remain a serenade. As for 'airs de danse,' if you require them, I have

here," said he, tapping his forehead, "I have here wherewithal to set all harlequins in the world spinning 'en cadence.' Bestow on me one touch of your wand, and the stream will forth."

"*Per Bacco!*" exclaimed Bernardone, "the lad pleases mĕ. Could you compose an opera for me?"

"Why not, signor?"

"Well, come upstairs, and we'll have some talk about the matter."

Joseph, begging his companions to wait for him, followed Bernardone. He was conducted to a richly furnished chamber, where all breathed an atmosphere of luxury, though a somewhat disorderly kind of elegance prevailed. But Joseph's thoughts were so occupied with his opera, that he saw nothing, scarcely even the Count, who was pacing the apartment, with folded arms and frowning brow, limping about in a most frightful manner. Wilhelmina, tired of the disputation, was extended, with her back towards the door, upon a sofa. She raised her head as her relative entered; and, judging that the new-comer, short, mean, and meagre, merited not a second glance, she resumed her first position.

"Count," said Bernardone, "I have brought you the culprit. I am grieved that I am unable to be of the same opinion as your Excellency; but I am sure that this lad will do something. He talks about composing an opera."

The Count stopped shuffling for an instant, shrugged his shoulders, and said: "Capital! I'll go and hiss it!"

Joseph bowed, in reply to this polite intimation, and the Count recommenced his tour of the apartment.

"And I will go on purpose to applaud it!" retorted Wilhelmina, seizing the opportunity of contradicting the old Count; "and I should like myself to choose your libretto. Thank heaven! we are in no want of such," added she, at the same time opening a cabinet in which some hundreds of manuscripts were heaped. After a short search, she drew forth one, and placed it in the hands of Joseph.

"Thanks, madam," said Joseph, "I have ever experienced kindness from the hands of the fair sex. The black coat I wear upon my shoulders, I owe to the generosity of an Italian lady, to whom I gave singing lessons some twelve months ago, at the baths of Marcendorf, whither, in the capacity of servant, I had followed the celebrated Porpora."

The Count cast a disdainful glance at the narrator.

"Yes, madam," continued Joseph, "for that great master, though as ill-tempered and brutally behaved a man as ever existed, still deigned to give me what I prized more than all,—instruction in harmony; for which I brushed his clothes, blacked his shoes, and powdered his old peruke. He paid me my wages in basses and counterpoint. The lady of whom I have just made mention, having learned my history, sent for me to her house, and for twelve lessons, gave me six sequins, with which I purchased this attire, which enables me to appear everywhere in as good style as Prince Esterhazy. You are equally kind as she, madam, and the contemplation of your beauty would be ample recompense for passing one's life in composing serenades, for the sole satisfaction of obtaining one word of thanks, or even one look during the evening from you through the apertures of your Venetian blinds; but it would be sheer folly in me to think of such a thing, and all that I desire is, that you may esteem me somewhat for my music."

The Count, who was limping all the while round the apartment, halted again, and ironically begged to know what might be the title of the poem selected for the intended opera.

The young man, with some difficulty, suppressed a smile that had well-nigh curled his lip, on seeing written in large letters upon the first

page of the manuscript: Le Diable Boiteux. His glance met that of Wilhelmina, as he thus answered the Count:

"Excuse me, noble Count, if I cannot satisfy your curiosity. The title of the piece shall remain a secret, until the day of the representation; that you will know time enough to bestow your hisses on the occasion, without the necessity of my indicating it beforehand to your hostility, of which you may perhaps make others partakers."

"This young man has decidedly talent," said Wilhelmina.

"I do not think there is much indication of it in the latter speech," muttered Storemberg; "the reply is certainly more impertinent than witty."

The sum agreed upon for the score, between Bernardone and Joseph, was twenty-four sequins, under an express condition, that the young man should deliver the work complete within eight days. It was more time than the composer needed, far more embarrassed to repress the crowd of ideas whirling through his brain, than to produce the melody. At the end of four days, the score was finished, with the exception of a passage, which was blank despair to the composer. The good Keller was first consulted, but in vain; the poet in his turn was appealed to: "You have written upon your manuscript," said Joseph, "here a storm arises, but I have never seen one, and cannot, for the life of me, embody such a thing in music. Can you help me out of this dilemma?"

"Not I," replied the poet; "I put the tempest in a parenthesis, because I could not put it into verse. Like you, I have never seen either sea or storm."

The difficulty was serious; how was it to be got over? They went to Bernardone.

"Have you ever seen a storm, signor?" inquired Joseph, on entering.

"Pardieu, I should think I have. I have nearly perished four times from shipwreck."

"Can you picture it to me, my friend. I will go to the piano."

"I'll do it better than that—I'll act one."

And Bernardone, exhausting all the resources of pantomime, and giving a thousand varied inflections to his voice, began to gesticulate with every variety of action, raising and lowering his arms, balancing his body from poop to prow, as he said, to describe the movement of the vessel upon the waves, and at the same time striving to imitate the noise of the thunder, and the whistling of the wind!

"Do you comprehend, my lad?"

"Not a whit," said Joseph; "it must be something different from that; your tempest resembles what catterwauling grimalkins make on the house-tops."

"Figure to yourself," resumed Bernardone, overturning tables, chairs, and footstools one after another, thrusting and kicking them about with hands and feet, "Figure to yourself the heavens overcast. Hoo—oo—oo, that's the wind howling; the lightning cleaves the clouds; the vessel mounts and descends. Boo—oo—oour, that's the thunder! Now look; here a mountain rises up there a valley plunges down, then again a mountain and a valley: the mountains and the valleys chase after, but cannot catch one another; the mountain is swallowed up by the valley, the valley throws up the mountain, the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, the vessel floats like a straw—paint me all that distinctly. All that I've told you is clear enough, I should think!"

Poor Joseph, dumfounded by this imposing description, accompanied as it was by imitative contortions, and stunned by such a poetical charivari, shrieked out his part, stamped his feet, rattled his fingers over the keys, running through the chromatic

scales, prodigalizing his sevenths, leaping from the lowest and flattest to the highest and sharpest notes. It was one of those inconceivable hashes, alike void of time and sense, that in our time are dignified by the title of *air varié*, but as for a storm, it was far from such. Bernardone perspired, sang at ease, but was still unsatisfied.

At last the young man grew impatient, placed his hands at the two ends of the harpsichord, and drew them together, exclaiming:

"Dash the tempest!"

"That's it, Pardieu! that's it!" cried the transported harlequin, and leaping over the wreck of furniture, by which he was surrounded, he well-nigh stifled the virtuoso in a vigorous embrace. "You have got it, my lad, begin once more. That's it! Superb! Astonishing! I give you thirty sequins, instead of twenty-four."

The opera of the "Diable Boîteux," got up in a few days, had a great success, but the Count de Storemberg, designated by epigrams all over the town, through the vengeance of Wilhelmina, whom it was well known he had quarrelled with and quitted, had interest sufficient to cause it to be forbidden after the second representation.

Disgusted with the theatre, wherein he would ever have remained in the second rank, Joseph entered upon the legitimate career of his genius, and became the king of instrumental music.

## II.

DATE 1790.

THIRTY-NINE years after the events narrated above, a vessel, sailing from Calais to England, overtaken by a violent storm, narrowly escaped shipwreck. One man alone, amid the general consternation, displayed fits of inordinate gayety, that, in the critical situation in which the vessel was placed, might have passed for a species of idiocy. Before the danger grew imminent, he maintained a rigid taciturnity, and, seemingly absorbed in thought, took no part in that which was passing around him; whilst the bravest of the mariners were trembling, he manifested an exuberant mirth—frequently bursting into paroxysms of laughter. They were compelled, at length, to make him quit the spot he had taken upon the deck, whence the wind would infallibly have blown him into the sea, and in the cabin, where the passengers were crowded together, the women weeping and praying, this man, laughing unceasingly, was heard to exclaim aloud:

"There's the mountain rising up; there's the valley plunging down; mountains and valleys chasing one another without catching—the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, the vessel floats like a straw! Boo—oo—hoo—drat the storm! Ha! ha! how like it mine was!"

These strange exclamations were as so many enigmas to the terrified hearers; but when the danger had passed, they were vividly called to mind on perceiving that this same man, so obstreperous awhile ago, had become calm and taciturn. His physiognomy was commonplace, his peruke, and general attire, antiquated. He was seated in a nook of the cabin, and heeded not the pleasantries that were showered upon him; he appeared occupied in telling the beads of his rosary. A young man resolved to divert the company at the expense of this singular personage, and accosted him with, "Sir, you seemed very merry just now. Would there be any indiscretion in asking what might be the cause of your laughter?"

The old man, torn from his reverie, and perceiving that all eyes were turned upon him, rose with a somewhat embarrassed air, and bowed with all the simple urbanity and good nature we sometimes meet with in aged men, the which caused no small diversion to the bystanders, and in-

creased the general inclination to quiz him.

"I was remembering me of a youthful adventure, at the time when I composed my first opera!"

"The gentleman is a musician, then, and, doubtless, an illustrious one?"

"I do not know about that, gentlemen, I do my best; drawing all my inspirations from yonder heaven, which so kindly bestows it upon me. Not a single opera have I written without inscribing at its head, '*In nomine Domini*,' and at the end, '*Laus Deo.*' By my compositions I earn my bread; but as for fame, I do not think it will be my lot to attain it."

"That's a doubt of which it may be in our power to absolve you, if you will tell us your name."

"My name is Joseph Haydn!"

All present rose up and took off their hats. "Pardon me," cried the young man who had accosted him, "pardon me; I meant to have jested at your expense, and I ought rather to fall at your feet!"

"At my feet! and wherefore?" said the old man, who, perhaps, was the sole individual in Europe ignorant of the fame attaching to the name of Haydn.

"Wherefore?" returned the young man, "because you are the greatest musician in the world!"

"You are mistaken," replied Haydn, "you would mean Mozart. Would you like now, ladies," continued he, with an engaging smile (his name having embellished him in their eyes) "would you like me to relate the adventure which made me laugh so heartily when you were all of you shaking with fear?"

The proposition was eagerly accepted. They made a circle around him, and Haydn commenced the history of his opera, "*Le Diable Boîteux*," and of the ludicrous storm of the harlequin, Bernardone.

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## SECRETS OF THE GEMS.

That many things glitter which are not gold, is well known; but do the wearers of jewelry know that the bright and beautiful colors exhibited by most of their much-prized gems are purely artificial? Nature supplies the raw material, and art steps in to embellish it. The brilliant necklace or bracelet, which, with the native hue of the stone, would by no means be considered ornamental, becomes matchless in tint and lustre after passing through the hands of the artificer. Your chemist, always discovering something, and always ready with marvellous transformations, is truly a remarkable personage. He is jealous of his secrets, but not always able to keep them. If he could set a seal on his doings, our readers would not have been entertained with the present article, in which we shall take leave to reveal some of his processes.

Let us begin with the agate—rather a common stone, found almost everywhere, and in numerous varieties, among which are the chalcedony, carnelian, onyx, sardonyx, and heliotrope. They all consist principally of quartz, and are more or less pellucid. In some places, they are surprisingly abundant. One of these places is Oberstein, some thirty or forty miles up the valley of the Nahe, a region not often visited by summer

tourists, yet interesting enough to repay him who shall explore its devious byways, and paths along the river. At the village just mentioned, and at Idal, four miles distant, formations of coarse red conglomerate are met with interposed with trap and greenstone; and in a soft stratum in these rocks, agates are found in considerable quantities. The workings may indeed be called agate quarries, for they are carried on in the precipitous side of a hill; and to him who sees them for the first time, there is something remarkable in the species of industry created by the presence of the stones.

The nodules of agate, as they come from their long-undisturbed bed, are generally of an ashen-gray color. The first operation in the process of transformation is to wash them perfectly clean; then to put them into a vessel containing a mixture of honey and water, which, being closely covered, is plunged into hot ashes for two or three weeks. The essential thing is to keep the liquid from boiling, but at a high temperature. After a sufficient interval, the stones are taken out, cleansed, passed through a bath of sulphuric acid, and then they undergo a second course of roasting in the hot ashes.

To produce a color in the stones, it is necessary they should be penetrated by some carbonizable substance. This is effected by the honey, which, under the influence of long-continued heat, finds its way into the interior of the crystal, where its carbonization, if not complete in the first instance, is finished by the sulphuric acid. Some lapidaries use olive oil instead of honey. The shade of color depends on the porosity of the layers of the stone; the most porous become at times perfectly black. Some are colored in two or three hours, others in as many days, others in a week or two, and some resist all attempts to change their natural hue. Some, when taken out of the pan, are found to be a rich dark-brown or chocolate; others, again, having been penetrated by the coloring matter between the layers, are striped alternately white, gray, and brown, like the onyx and sardonyx. By soaking the stones in a solution of sulphate of iron, and then placing them for a few hours in the oven, a fine carnelian red is produced in the porous layers, while those not porous remain unaltered. Thus it not unfrequently happens that very coarse and common stones —muddy-yellow or cloudy-gray— which in their natural condition would be valueless, are passed off as stones of the first quality. It is only within the last forty years that this process has been known in Germany; but the Italian lapidaries were acquainted with it centuries ago. Hence we can account for the exquisite color of antique cameos and other ornaments once numerous in the cabinets of Italy, and now to be seen in museums and private collections in all parts of the world. The dealers, when making their purchases of what we may call the raw material, select what appears to be a desirable piece; and chipping off a minute portion, they moisten the exposed surface with the tongue, and watch the absorption of the moisture. If regular and equal, the stone is good for an onyx; if not, it is added to the heap of inferior varieties. This, however, is but a rough-and-ready test, and not always decisive.

The pores of the stones by which the color is conveyed and retained, are visible with the microscope, and the effect of various tints is produced according as the light falls upon them at different angles. The rainbow-agate is full of minute cells, which, when exposed to the sun, produce prismatic colors, as is observed of the striæ of mother-of-pearl. To detect cavities in the stones, they are soaked in water, which, slowly penetrating, reveals the hollows. Some already contain water when first found; and it is a remarkable

fact, that if kept in a dry place, the water disappears, but without leaving the slightest trace of moisture on the surface; and the stones can only be refilled by boiling them.

Balls of striped red chalcedony are much prized; a large one, weighing a hundred pounds, was found in 1844 near Weisselberg, and was sold in the rough for 700 guilders. Some kinds of chalcedony are made to appear of a citron yellow, by a two days' roasting in an oven, and a subsequent immersion in a close hot-bath of spirit of salt for two or three weeks. A blue color, which has all the effect of a turquoise, is also produced; but the particular coloring process has hitherto been kept a secret. Those stones which are naturally colored are at times roasted, to heighten the tint, and add to its permanency. The Brazilian carnelian becomes singularly lustrous under the process; the explanation being, that the long-continued action of heat removes the oxyhydrate of iron contained in the stone, leaving it with a clear brightness diffused through the whole mass. The smallest stones are roasted before polishing; but the large ones, of which saucers, vases, cups, plates, etc., are made, are first cut into the required shape and thinness—otherwise they fly to pieces when exposed to heat. After all the coloring operations have been gone through, the stones are ground on a wheel; soaked in oil for a day, to conceal the fine scratches, and give a good polish; and then cleaned off with bran.

Those who examined the collection of gems and works of art from rare stones in the great exhibition of 1851, will remember the elegant onyx vases of different colors—some streaked with white natural veins; the cups of red chalcedony; a chain of the same substance in large square links of different colors, and without visible joints; besides other objects so beautifully finished, that a prize medal was awarded to the manufacturers.

So far, we have been treating of methods by which art assists nature: we come now to the gems that are not found in the side of a quarry, but formed in the chemist's laboratory. Before the days of Berlin wool and crochet-work, young ladies used to amuse themselves by making crystalline baskets and trays, as ornaments for the mantel-piece, but they had first to dissolve their alum. The chemist works by other means; and especially since the application of electro-galvanism to his processes, there is something really wonderful in the results. He produces crystals at pleasure, and in lumps that would astonish those who once labored so hard in search of the philosopher's stone. A few years ago, M. Ebelman laid before the French Academy of Sciences specimens of artificial quartz—some white, others blue, red, and violet; and by mixing chloruret of gold with the silicic acid used in the composition, he produced a mass traversed throughout with delicate veins of gold, similar to the lumps brought from Australia or California. By a modification of his process, he produced hydrophane—that species of opal which is transparent only when immersed in water; and specimens also of the allied crystal, hyalite. In this operation, silicic ether and moist air are principally employed; and a variety of colors could be imparted by the admixture of different colored alcoholic solutions. Chloride of gold produces a beautiful topaz yellow; and by exposing the crystal for a time to light, the gold is dispersed through it in flakes, as in aventurine; and kept in sunlight, the flakes change to a violet or rose color, and become transparent. In this fact, we have an extraordinary instance of molecular action—the distribution of metallic scales through a solid mass; one which, as some geologists suppose, helps to throw light on the mode of formation of rocks and minerals. That pieces of wood, plants, and

animal substances will become silicified, or, as is commonly said, petrified, is well known; and though often wondered at, the diffusion of the gold flakes through the crystal is yet more marvellous.

Besides Ebelman, two other savants —Senarmont and Becquerel—have obtained surprising results in the artificial formation of crystals and minerals. Some among their specimens of chrysolite and chrysoberyl were hard enough to cut glass. And many curious effects have been noted in the course of their investigations and experiments. Glass containing arsenic, though at first transparent, becomes cloudy and opaque, then waxy, and finally crystalline. A familiar instance of a similar effect is offered by barley-sugar, which gradually loses its transparency, and becomes somewhat waxy in texture. Another discovery was, that pounded loaf-sugar, mixed with sulphuric acid, forms a glutinous substance which, when dry, detonates like gun-cotton.

We might go on with these interesting results, which open novel views of the capabilities of chemical science; but for the present we content ourselves with a few words on ultramarine, a substance much used by artists and by a certain class of artificers. Some years ago, it was prepared exclusively from *lapis lazuli*, a mineral found in Siberia, and was sold at prices varying from seven to twenty guineas the ounce, according to quality. But the chemists set to work upon it, prying, weighing, testing, and eventually discovered its constituents, but were long at a loss for the coloring principle. At last Guimet, of Lyon, hit on the idea of trying to combine the constituents in their natural proportions, as in the native mineral; and the result was, that the color was produced, and ultramarine could be sold at two guineas a pound. The constituents are: silicate of alumina, soda, and sulphuret of sodium; and the color is supposed to be due to the action of the last on the two first. Guimet's success set other experimenters on the scent; the secret was rediscovered, and now ultramarine may be bought at 1s. 3d. a pound, and is largely used in many industrial processes.

But there is still another way of manufacturing artificial gems; and to make our article complete, we must finish with a short notice of it. Just outside the Barrière du Trône at Paris stands a large factory, where a species of sand, brought from the Forest of Fontainebleau, is converted into emerald, topaz, sapphire, and ruby. Artificial pearls are also produced in great numbers; and as these are lined with fish-scales, an active fishery of roach and dace is kept up in the Seine during the spring months, when the fish are in their prime. But it is for the manufacture of diamonds that the factory is most celebrated—diamonds that deceive the eye of everybody but the maker. Thomas Carlyle has given us among his *Essays*, a story concerning *The Diamond Necklace*, which lets us into the secret of a stupendous fraud, successfully accomplished before the very eyes of royalty; and if we could get at the history of the transactions of this diamond factory, we should find the fraudulent business still lively. Many have been deceived who never found out the cheat put upon them; others have discovered it to their sorrow. We give one instance from among many, borrowed from a contemporary:

"A few years ago, an English lady entered the shop belonging to the proprietor of the factory, situate on the Boulevard, looking rather flushed and excited, and drawing from her muff a number of morocco-cases of many shapes and sizes, opened them one after another, and spread them on the counter.

"'I wish,' she said, 'to inquire the price of a *parure*, to be made in exact imitation of this; that is, if

you *can* imitate the workmanship with sufficient precision for the distinction never to be observed.'

"M. B—— examined the articles attentively, named his price, and gave the most unequivocal promise that the *parure* should be an exact counterpart of the one before him. The lady insisted again. She was urgent overmuch, as is the case with the fair sex in general. Was he sure the imitation would be perfect? Had he observed the beauty and purity of these stones? Could he imitate the peculiar manner in which they were cut, etc.

"'Soyez tranquille, madame,' replied M. B——; 'the same workman shall have the job, and you may rely on having an exact counterpart of his former work.'

"The lady opened her eyes in astonishment and alarm; and M. B—— added, by way of reassuring her: 'I will attend to the order myself, as I did when I received the commands of Milor ——, who ordered this very *parure*, I think, last February;' and with the greatest unconcern, he proceeded to search his ledger, to ascertain which of the workmen had made it, and the date of its delivery. Meanwhile the lady had sunk down in a swoon. The milor named by the tradesman was no other than her own treacherous lord and master, who had forestalled her, by exchanging Rundell and Bridge's goodly work against M. B——'s deceptive counterfeit, no doubt to liquidate his obligations on the turf. The vexation of the lady on recovering from her fainting fit may be imagined: she reproached the diamond-maker with having assisted her husband in deceiving her, and retired mortified at the idea that she herself had never detected the difference between the false and the real. Many times had she worn the glittering gems, believing them to be the same she had brought in her casket from England."

We have heard it said, that many of the snuff-boxes given away as marks of royal or imperial favor are adorned with diamonds made in M. B——'s factory; and that Mehemet Ali, the late Pacha of Egypt, was the first to give away the costly-looking shams. If this be true, it would only be fair to expose the mighty personages, as well as cheating grocers. Let the recipients of snuff-boxes and diamond rings see to it. A mock tiara, that may be bought for six hundred francs, will look as well as a real one worth five thousand dollars. What, then, shall be said of minor articles?

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FRESH hopes are hourly sown
In furrowed brows. So gentle life's descent,
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain;
We take fair days in winter for the spring;
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older than his years.
Thus at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest,—
The disappointment of a promised hour.

## CASKET AND KEY.

### I.

In a forest grew a lily,
Grew a queenly, milk-white lily,
Looking always upwards, always
To the sun her soft eyes turning,
She was fairest of the lilies,
Very spotless was her whiteness,
And her graceful stamens ever
Seemed, like sisters sweet and loving,
Gently leaning to each other,
With their golden heads bent forward,
As if listening to low whispers.
And her lithe, green stalk stood stately
'Mongst the forest flow'rets, seeming
Of the wealth of waxen petals
That upon its summit rested,
Very proud. Its em'rald pillar
Never bent a moment downward,
Lest the dust should stain the lily;
Lest the thorn-bush growing near it
With its spikes should wound the lily;
Lest the violets and the mosses,
From its care should tempt the lily.
And the fresh green leaves, that 'round it
Grew so silent, grew so lovely;
Meekly to it always clinging;
Keeping dust and whirlwind from it;
Tended, loved it for the lily.
But the queenly lily ever
To the sun looked proudly upward,
Sent low sighs upon the eve winds
When, from her, he turned his bright face,
And when night its curtain folded
Round her home within the forest,
She was sad and lone, and heeded
Not the proud care of the green stalk,
Nor the whisperings of the mosses,
Nor the fragrance of the violets,
Nor the loving of the fresh leaves,
For her lord, the sun, had left her,
But, when with his golden fingers,
He drew back the drap'ry sombre,
And his light came floating round her,
And his royal face looked downward—
Looked into her very heart's core—
Then the lily smiled with gladness,
And when from his jewel casket,
He, a diamond dewdrop, sent her,
On her bosom pure she wore it,
Till in loving wish to offer
Him a gift of grateful meaning,
On his own bright ray she placed it,
And it glided upwards to him.

### II.

Now the thorn-bush, near the lily
Growing silent, 'midst the flow'rets,
Never joining in their laughter,
Or their silvery hymns of gladness;
Never sending forth a perfume
To make sweet the air around him;
Never drawing back his sharp spikes,
When, by chance, they bent too near him;
Always filled with fear, the lily,
And she turned her fair face from him,
And she begged the sun to keep him,
Where he might not ever wound her,
Where she might not even see him.
And the thorn-bush heard her begging,
But he only shook his stiff leaves,
Only lowlier bowed his rough head,
Throwing shadows all around him;
And the mosses heard him whisp'ring—
"I will save thee yet, bright lily!"
On the violets fell his shadows,
And their tiny eyes flashed upwards,
And their voices raised in murmurs,
That he kept away the glad light;
So he turned his shadows from them,
Then they laughed, and sang, and tittered,
And the butterflies laughed with them,
And they gayly spent the hours,
Till the noon came. Ah! the hot air
Faded all their beauteous colors,
And their soft, bright petals withered,
And their gay companions left them
There to droop and die. Ah! sadly
Did they miss the friendly shadows,
But they came not near them, neither
Did the thorn-bush look once at them.
So they died, and in the hot dust
Their once fair heads now lay trampled
By the feet of every passer.

### III.

From the soft earth timid peeping,
Two bright leaves one morn laid gently
Their fresh faces 'gainst the green base
Of the shining em'rald pillar,
On whose top the lily rested,
Very sweet and low their voices,
Very delicate their beauty;
And the stately stalk bent towards them,
In unwonted condescending,
That the lily might look on them.
No; she only turned her fair face
To the royal one above her;
Only shook from off her bosom
The bright dewdrop to the sun's ray.
But to-morrow, from the young leaves,
Came a soft, light tendril creeping,
And it curled itself in gladness
'Round the shining em'rald pillar;
And it whispered in low accents:
"I will climb up to the lily,
I would have the lily love me."
Now the lily heard the murmur,

And she let its music lure her
From her heavenward watch, and downward
Looked a moment—but a moment—
Lost her dewdrop in the looking!
Poor, weak lily; tempted lily!
After this, the soft-voiced tendril
Every day upon the pillar
Higher climbed; and closer, closer
Twined its green folds all around it,
Till she saw the sun no longer;
And she let it keep her fettered
In its silken chains, and never
Once her tempted eyes cast upwards,
To the radiant one above her,
She forgot his kingly loving.
Ah! the foolish, wandering lily!
Soon the tight clasp of the tendril
Crushed within it the green pillar;
Bruised its fibres that sent always
Moisture from the earth up to her,
To keep fair her queenly beauty,
To keep fresh the life within her.
And she faded slowly, slowly,
As the em'rald pillar withered.
And in panting weakness drooped she,
Till her face lay in the brown dust,
And it spotted grew with dark stains.
She was beautiful no longer!
She was queenliest no longer!
She was glad and free no longer!
As she wearied laid her head down.
Ah! she, chained, could not look upward!

IV.

"I will save thee now, dear lily!"
Said the rough voice of the thorn-bush,
As he cast upon her bowed head
A long look of wistful pity.
But she shuddered, as she closer
Pressed her face against the brown dust,
That so darkened it, and stained it,
And she moaned out: "Come not near me."
"Poor, chained lily! I *will* save thee,"
Said again the slighted thorn-bush,
And he stretched his rude arms towards her,
And he cast his shadows on her,
And he pierced her with his sharp spikes
Till she cried aloud in anguish;
Till her heart bled in its sorrow;
Till she sadly, humbly laid there.
Poor bruised queen! Poor conquered lily!
Lo! how strange! her petals open,
And the dust is fanned from off them;
And she feels herself uplifted
Softly, gently, from the dark earth;
And a new life thrills her worn heart,
As upon the em'rald pillar,
Stainless, queenly, glad as ever,
Now she sees herself reseated;
Sees the sun in royal loving
Looking down upon her fair face
As before she saw the tendril;
Sees the dewdrop on her bosom
As "of old;" and sees the sunbeam
Waiting for her message to him.
Ah! she sends it with devotion
Lone, and warm, and full of sadness
For her fault. She is forgiven;
Softly healed are all her bruises;
Sweetly prized are all her offerings;
She is lovely, she is fairer
Than before; and never, never,
Will she be unfaithful to him.
List the reason! the rough thorn-bush
Had, with one of his sharp lances
Snapped in twain the crushing tendril,
And e'en though it bruised the lily
In the freeing—it *had* freed her.

KEY.

In the lily, see a young heart;
In the sun, see God's own loving;
In the thorn-bush, see earth's trials;
In the clasping, trait'rous tendril
Love of Earth's sad slavery look on,
And you've opened wide my Casket;
And you've found no lily's story,
But the his'try of a heart there.
Keep the Key, and ope it often;
Often look into the casket;
Love God better each time. Purer
Keep your own heart for His loving,
And my fondest wish is granted,
And my warmest prayer is answered.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A FEW weeks ago, the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, England, and Superior-General of St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart for Foreign Missions, visited the United States. Accompanying him was the Very Rev. Father Benoit, Rector of St. Joseph's Missionary College, Mill Hill, London. They brought with them several priests, to engage in the special mission to the colored people, which the above-named society has founded.

The Right Rev. Bishop Vaughan was compelled to return to England, by some unforeseen circumstances, sooner than he had expected. The Very Rev. Father Benoit is now in the Southern States, looking after the interests of the Mission.

Canon Benoit, whilst in Philadelphia, in company with Very Rev. Father Noonan, the Provincial of the Society for this country, and Fathers Vigneront and Greene, labored untiringly, and, we are glad to say, with great success, to inspire an interest in the condition of the colored people of the United States, and to collect funds for the purpose of sustaining the Mission and the College in which the priests, specially designed for it, are trained and educated. The latter three Fathers are still with us, and unceasingly engaged in prosecuting the work.

The object is one which comes home to every American Catholic, both on religious and on patriotic grounds. The political emancipation of the colored people will benefit them but little, unless that emancipation is accompanied with religious enlightenment. Virtuous citizens are a source of strength to a country, but vicious citizens a source of weakness. The present condition of the colored people is deplorable. In many parts of the South they are rapidly retrograding as regards morals; are, in fact, sinking down into the most degrading forms of heathen fetishism. They have souls that may be saved. And upon Catholics, under God, depend, whether they shall become enlightened Christians, or ignorant, brutalized heathens. Protestantism can do nothing for them. We are justified in saying this, both on the ground of principle and of the results of efforts made by Protestant missionaries, and already proved, by their want of moral results, to be utter failures.

Upon Catholics, therefore, rests the responsibility of supporting this important and noble work. The success already attained furnishes encouragement for hope as to the future. The Mission in Baltimore has gathered a congregation of three thousand souls. We hear from different reliable sources of information, that the members of this congregation are docile and devout, and by their consistent conduct set an edifying example to others. At Louisville, Ky., there is a flourishing Mission. At Augusta, Ga., one is expected to be established soon; and the same will be done at other places in the Southern States, as rapidly as priests and money to support them can be obtained and circumstances make it prudent.

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THE unquenchable thirst of man for increased knowledge is manifesting itself in continuous efforts to explore unknown regions of the earth, and to discover the secrets hidden in the ocean's depths. In the investigation of the latter, the government of Great Britain have had a corps of scientists on board the Challenger, diligently engaged for a year or more. Their labors have brought to light many interesting facts relative to the depth of the ocean in various localities, the topography of its bottom, the temperature of its waters at different depths, the direction and force of its currents, and the manner in which they affect the climates of adjacent islands and continents.

In Africa, explorations of the regions in which it is supposed the long-sought-for sources of the Nile are situated, are actively prosecuted.

The Khedive of Egypt is actively engaged in annexing portions of Central Africa bordering on the Upper Nile, which will furnish a base for exploration from that direction. A German adventurer proposes taking up the thread of investigation which dropped from the lifeless hand of Livingston. American and English enterprise are planning or have commenced fresh explorations, and ere long, we presume, we shall hear of important additions to the knowledge recently obtained of Central Africa, and of the solving of the geographical secrets of that country, which have remained hidden since Herodotus told what he knew, and perhaps more than he knew.

The English and also the German governments are actively engaged in pushing forward their preparations for new expeditions whose objective point is the North Pole. What measure of success they will attain remains to be seen; but the conviction seems to be daily growing stronger, and we think with good reason, that the question whether or not there is an open polar sea, or whether around that point of the earth's surface all is an uninhabitable land of ice and snow, is not beyond the power of man to determine; and that ere many years it will be solved, and with it many important problems of climatology and kindred subjects.

The German expedition, in accordance

with the theories of the German scientists, which differ from those both of English and American explorers, propose pursuing a route which will carry them along the eastern coast of Greenland. The British expedition will pursue the route pursued by Drs. Kane and Hays and Captain Hall, through Smith's Sound.

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We Catholics are always talking about the educational question, but it is seldom that they have an opportunity of aiding by their votes, those who seek to relieve them of the present system. If there are any Catholics in the Illinois Legislature, they have now a good opportunity, as the following amendment to the Constitution of that State has been introduced into the House of Representatives:

"The General Assembly shall provide for an equitable distribution of all money appropriated for school purposes, among the free schools of the State; provided, each religious sect may establish free schools, and be entitled to an equitable share; but no money shall be appropriated by the General Assembly to aid or sustain any academy, seminary, college, or university of any sectarian denomination whatever, nor shall any grant or donation of land or money, or other personal property ever be made by the State or any public corporation to any church, except to sustain free schools therewith connected."

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With all the fluctuations of French politics and almost constant changes in the form of the national government, the financial strength of the nation is wonderful. Recently, in response to proposals for a loan of 250,000,000 francs, the people offered 10,500,000,000, or forty-two times the amount asked for.

One reason for this, doubtless, was the form in which the certificates of loan are issued. The smallest of the bonds were for but fifty francs, or less than ten dollars; so that every French laborer, who had that small sum to put at interest, sought to lend it to the government, in the sure confidence that it was safe, that interest would be obtained for it as long as he did not wish to use the money himself, and that, when he did, he could obtain it by the sale of his certificate.

One result of this is that the indebtedness of France is held by its own people. The interest the government pays goes to them, and not to foreigners, and the taxes the people pay return back into the pockets of the people, or into the channels of business in France, instead of being sent to foreign countries.

It would be well if the American people would learn from the French in regard to this. Under our present National and State systems of finance an immense amount of our public debt is held in European countries, the payment of the annual interest on which is a constant drain upon our resources.

The issuing of certificates of loan of small amounts, too, would have the effect of furnishing an opportunity to thousands of persons, who have small sums which they are afraid to deposit in savings banks or invest in any other way, to purchase government securities; and, as a consequence of this, the money now hoarded up by such persons and kept out of circulation, the aggregate amount of which is very large, would find its way into the National and State treasuries, and thence into the ordinary channels of trade.

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The laxity of the marriage and divorce laws in some of the Western States and Territories is well known. So many divorces have been applied for and granted in Idaho that we remember seeing, a short time ago, a sarcasm on the subject to the effect, that an honorable member of the Legislature there proposed that all the couples in the State should be divorced by one bill to save trouble; any couple, who wished to remarry, might be accommodated! However this may be, it appears that the Ohio courts, last year, granted 1159 divorces. Now, Ohio is among the few States not especially noted for divorces. It also seems likely, from statistics, that 50,000 divorces are granted annually in the United States. This means that 50,000 families are broken up every year in our country; and averaging four to a family, we find that about 200,000 persons are morally and financially affected, many of them completely ruined by these nefarious divorce laws. And the tendency in this direction grows stronger every year. How sad a fact is this, and how it proves that there is "something rotten" in the State! No amount of material prosperity can compensate for the gradual sapping of the bands of society, and no barrier, save that which the Catholic Church erects, can stem the tide of disintegrating elements which threatens our country.

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St. Andrew's Church, New York city, was the scene of an appalling accident, on the evening of Thursday, February 26th, which sent a thrill of horror through the whole country on the morning following when the news of the disaster became known.

The congregation were piously assembled on the evening named, pursuing their usual lenten devotions, when an adjoining wall, which, through the criminal carelessness of the building inspector of New York, had been left standing, suddenly fell on the church, crushing in with irresistible force a

part of the roof, and precipitating upon the heads of the stricken congregation below bricks, stones, plaster, broken timber, etc., with the most terrible effect. The church at the time was unusually crowded, it being estimated that over two thousand persons were present. The panic that ensued, together with the cries and groans of the wounded and dying, as described by eye-witnesses, were heartrending in the extreme. Five persons were killed instantly, and several more have since died from the effect of injuries received by falling bricks, and by being trampled upon and jostled about in the accompanying confusion, while some thirty were more or less injured, and are now in hospitals receiving medical attendance. The responsibility for this appalling calamity, by universal consent, has been laid at the door of the inspector of public buildings of New York city—an officer whose duty it was to have taken such precautionary steps as would have rendered impossible such an accident. But whether he will be required to answer for this wholesale sacrifice of human life, before any other tribunal than the public press of the country, is extremely doubtful, if we may judge from the history of similar cases of official remissness in the past.

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MR. GLADSTONE unintentionally has done great service to the cause of Catholicity in Great Britain. No other person in the United Kingdom could have so effectually turned public attention to the nature and grounds of the authority of the Church on the one hand and of civil allegiance on the other. But, by the method of his attack and by his reputation as a scholar, a disputant, and a statesman, and by appealing to the national as well as the religious prejudices of Englishmen, he has succeeded in eliciting a degree of interest in these topics which has led to a more careful examination of them and of many collateral topics, which otherwise would have been scarcely bestowed upon them. This has induced, too, a reception of the able replies, which have been made to Mr. Gladstone's sophistries, and historical misstatements, which in any other condition of the public mind those replies would have failed to secure.

The result will be, we believe and trust, that the misconceptions and deepseated prejudices on the part of many will be replaced by a better understanding of the history of the Church, especially in its relations to civil rulers.

To Mr. Gladstone himself the result of his attack is already proving disastrous. With few exceptions the public journals condemn his attack as ill-advised, and prompted by feelings of personal disappointment and the desire for revenge. His prestige as a party leader and as a statesman are gone; and with the thorough exposure of his misrepresentations of history, and the unfairness of argumentation which pervades his Expostulation, and his subsequent criticisms in the *Quarterly* of the addresses of His Holiness, Pius IX, his reputation, as a scholar and a reasoner, has been greatly damaged.

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THOUGH telegrams and German correspondents report almost daily instances of persecution under the infamous Falck laws, it is difficult for us, in this country, to realize the extent to which that persecution has been carried. The following resume will give some idea:

Five Catholic bishops have been imprisoned; namely, the Archbishop of Posen (since February 3d, 1874), the Archbishop of Cologne (in March), the Bishop of Treves (in March), the Bishop Coadjutor of Posen, and the Bishop of Paderborn. The Bishops of Cologne and Treves have been released, and the Bishop of Paderborn, who has been "deposed" (so the German government says), has still a sentence against him of two years, seven months, and five days. Fines have been imposed upon all these bishops, and also upon those of Munster, Hildersheim, Breslau, Culm, Ermeland, and Limburg. This list includes all the bishops of Prussia except the Bishop of Osnabruck. The See of Fulda is vacant. Domiciliary visits from the police or from officers who sold their furniture, have been received by the Bishops of Cologne, Treves, Munster, Hildersheim, Breslau, Culm, Posen, and Limburg. Up to December 3d, 1874, 1400 priests had been either fined or imprisoned; about 100 expelled from the country, and a few sent to the Isle of Rugen in the Baltic. Nearly 1400 priests have been "suspended" from their sacerdotal functions; that is, the government of Germany has forbidden them officiating as priests, under penalty of imprisonment.

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THE great State of Minnesota, which covers over 81,000 square miles of territory, and half of the territory of Dakota, which comprises 240,000 square miles, is all included in the Diocese of St. Paul. This extensive jurisdiction is now to be divided, and a new Vicariate Apostolic, embracing a part of the State of Minnesota, is to be erected. The Right Rev. Abbot Rupert Seidenbush, O. S. B. of the Abbey of St. Louis on the Lake, Stearns County, Minnesota, is appointed to the Episcopal charge, and under his care, no doubt, the beautiful State in which the Cross of Christ was elevated and preached by Catholic missionaries years and years before it was settled by a civilized population, will increase more and more in all the fruits of Catholic piety.

THE tyranny of the German government over its own subjects, as well as the fear and hatred which other nations have come to entertain towards it, through its aggressions and the supercilious arrogance of Bismarck, have created the necessity for a military organization in Germany of such mammoth proportions, and such injurious stringency in its almost universal application to all classes of the people, that it is driving them to look upon emigration as the only means of escape. The movement has become so general, that it threatens to deplete Germany of the flower of its population. The government has become alarmed. But instead of seeking a remedy in the amelioration of the laws, and the doing away with the necessity of its immense army, by endeavoring by wise and just laws to increase the loyalty of its citizens, and by cultivating peaceful relations with other countries, to diminish the danger of war with them, the German government tries to prevent emigration by legislative enactments, which cannot possibly prove effectual. In this, and in other forms, a *Nemesis* is in store for the imperial government of Germany. The retribution, when it comes, will be terrible.

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A FEW weeks ago, a number of sensational telegrams were flashed over the country about a terrible riot in New Brunswick. The Catholics had made an unprovoked assault on a prominent friend of education, and had murdered several people. It appears that the Catholics have long had excellent schools, but that a bigoted Orange party, four years ago, succeeded in forcing through an abnoxious sectarian school law. Priests and laymen had been thrown into prison and their property seized for unjust taxes, and at last a body of representative Catholics made a visit to the house of the government official, Hon. Robert Long, at Caraquet, in that province. This was construed into an armed assault. Special police came down in force to drive away and shoot "every damn Papist." A scuffle ensued, in which one French Catholic was killed and others wounded, likewise one of the police. And this is the whole story of the "Caraquet massacre."

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THE European telegrams of the Associated Press constantly report the probability of Bismarck's retirement from office. Sometimes this is based on his precarious health. His physicians, it is said, have warned him that he cannot possibly longer endure the mental strain to which he is now subject. Again, it is stated that the Emperor Wilhelm is becoming dissatisfied with Bismarck's obstinacy and arrogance, and with the opposition which has thus unnecessarily been created, amongst all parties, to the imperial government.

Whether, or not, there is any ground for these rumors of Bismarck's retirement from office, it is very certain that a formidable opposition is organizing against him, apart from that of the persecuted German Catholics. Whether he will sullenly yield to it and relinquish his official position is doubtful, unless the necessity becomes more obvious than it is at present.

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FOUR new Metropolitan Sees have been formed—those of Philadelphia, Boston, Milwaukee, and Santa Fe. This increases the number of Provinces in the United States to eleven. The Province of Boston will comprise the Sees of Hartford, Springfield, Portland, Burlington, and Providence, with 477 priests. The Province of Philadelphia will comprise the Sees of Harrisburg, Erie, Scranton, and Pittsburg, with 511 priests. The Province of Milwaukee will comprise the dioceses of La Crosse, Green Bay, St. Paul, and the new diocese in Minnesota, altogether containing 368 priests. The new archbishops are, the Right Rev. J. F. Wood, D.D., Bishop of Philadelphia; Right Rev. John J. Williams, D.D., Bishop of Boston; Right Rev. John M. Henni, D.D., Bishop of Milwaukee, and the Right Rev. John Lamy, D.D., Bishop of Santa Fe.

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THE recent creations of Episcopal Sees in the Western States indicate the rapid progress of the Church in that section of our widely extended republic. Peoria, in the State of Illinois, is 70 miles north of Springfield and 151 southwest of Chicago. Its first Bishop will be the Rev. M. Hurley, now pastor of St. Patrick's Church in that city. The erection of this new see will lighten the labors of Bishop Foley of Chicago, whose diocese, comprising the north of the State of Illinois, contains at present 300,000 Catholics and 196 priests. The diocese of Peoria will comprise the southern portion of the present diocese of Chicago, and Illinois will then contain three Episcopal Sees, Chicago, Alton, and Peoria. The French explorer, La Salle, established a post at Peoria in 1680.

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THE French Assembly seems to have arrived, at last, at some definitive conclusions in regard to a basis of a permanent government. The following are the important features of the legislation:

1. The term of office of the President is seven years, with eligibility to a re-election at the end of that period.

2. The establishment of a senate of 300 members, of whom 225 shall be elected by the Departments and the Colonies, and 75 by the Assembly.

3. The establishment of Versailles as the place where the legislative chambers shall meet.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIBLE HISTORY (Lessons in Bible History), in three parts, prepared for the use of Catholic schools, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. P. O'Shea, publisher. 1874.

This is a very excellent class-book. There is one feature about it, however, which distinguishes it from most works of a similar nature, viz., the supplement forming an historical connection between the Old and New Testament. There is generally an unfortunate void in this portion of ecclesiastical history. The Book of Mackabees being taken as the conclusion of the Old Testament narrative merely because it is the last of the Old Testament books, yet between the date of the historical facts narrated therein and those which mark the opening of the New Testament history there is a period of one hundred and thirty-seven years, which is usually regarded as an unsealed book by compilers of Bible history, a fault which the author of this has happily avoided by the introduction of his chapters on Judea under the Asmonean dynasty.

We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our regret that such an admirable work should be marred by woodcuts which are introduced in a quantity which, of itself, speaks badly for their quality. The purpose of such pictures is most laudable, the instructing of children by the most attractive form of object-teaching. But children are close critics, and unless the illustrations are well designed and executed, to our mind it would be better to omit them altogether from such books.

CATECHISM OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, for Parochial and Sunday-schools. By Rev. M. Muller, C. S., S. R.; with approbations of the Superior of the Redemptorists and the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. Publishers: Baltimore, Kreutzer & Brothers; New York, Catholic Publication Society; Cincinnati and New York, Fr. Pustel. 1874.

Father Muller could not produce a poor book, and his catechisms are as good of this as his larger works. While they are, generally speaking, more diffuse and technical than is usual with such books, there is at the same time a vein of colloquial familiarity and tenderness of thought in the language used which makes them unusually attractive and *strikes home* in a manner calculated to move and educate the young heart, while it at the same time instructs the head by suggesting an original train of thought. We think the larger, or No. II, of the series the more successful in this respect, yet both deserve a fuller and far more complimentary review than we have time or space to give.

THE MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH; or, Exercises for each day of the month of March. By Right Rev. M. De Langaleric, Bishop of Belley. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 1875.

A collection of short, practical instructions, together with a good summary of prayers in honor of the great Patriarch of the Christian Church. A fine engraving of St. Joseph and the Holy Child adds much to the general attractiveness of this latest addition to "The Month of St. Joseph;" a class of books which we are happy to see is yearly increasing.

WE have received from Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster, LL.D., of the Philadelphia bar, copies of his lectures, ST. THOMAS A'BECKET and GREGORY VII, delivered in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital. At the request of the Sisters of St. Francis, having charge of that institution, they have been printed and are sold in pamphlet form for the benefit of their worthy charity. The fame and merit of their learned author needs no rehearsing. A lifelong Protestant, he is ever ready to aid the cause of Catholic charity; and the immense crowds which fill the noble Academy of Music whenever he is announced to speak, attest the appreciation of his kindness as well as of his ability.

These lectures are gems of literary ability and historical research, and in tone and sentiment most thoroughly Catholic, both on points of theological doctrine or historical interpretation. While mere narratives, they are as fascinating as the most charming of romances.

DOMUS DEI. A Collection of Religious and Memorial Poems. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. One vol., small 8vo., beautifully bound in cloth, gilt edge. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 19 South Tenth Street. 1875.

The above volume is in press and will be issued about Easter. It will correspond, in style of publication, with Miss Donnelly's former volume, "OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE," and will contain productions of the gifted authoress not found in that work, together with whatever she has since written.

This simple announcement is sufficient to raise a fever of expectancy among all lovers of elegant literature, but particularly the patrons of Catholic poesy.

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